TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Night before last as I was passing a new house in course of erection I saw a man hurrying towards me and while opposite the new building he struck his foot against a brick which happened to be lying on the sidewalk. He was the maddest man I ever saw and ripped out a string of oaths every one of them as big as a bootleg. Bending down he picked up the brick muttering to himself, "Dammim, if he can't keep his bricks off the sidewalk I'll break his glass," and with that he fired it directly at a large window. Fortunately both for the owner of the house and the angry pedestrian the brick missed its mark and fell clattering down into the rubbish at the foot of the wall. The brick had hardly left his hand before he turned around and met me face to face. He looked as ashamed as he could be, and with a startled "good evening!" hurried along.

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If I mentioned his name it would astonish the city as the sight of his conduct surprised me, for he is a prominent business man. I know it is a hard thing for a man's pet bunion to come in contact with a brick, and it must be a difficult thing to keep one's temper under such circumstances, but what a horrible thing it is to see a man make an exhibition of himself and become infuriated with an inanimate object. It cannot fail to disgust the beholder and humiliate the man himself. Supposing the gentleman of whom I speak had succeeded in breaking his neighbor's window he would have simply revenged himself on the master for the servant's fault and would have had every reason to feel doubly ashamed of himself.

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Watch some coal teamster as he jerks and kicks his horse, and what disgust it excites? Nothing is so belittling as furious rage, yet how often men give way to it, even though in their calmer moments they hold it as a truth that the man who gets mad is lost.

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Employers frequently make the same mistake by getting into a rage with their employes. Preachers lash themselves into a passion over the weaknesses, real or fancied, of their congregations, and worst of all, public speakers and debaters while on the platform lose their tempers and their heads, and as a result lose their case. It is a lesson that the majority of people have to learn, that the man who keeps his temper is the hardest man to beat, and if, when beaten, he comes up smiling, the victory is made worthless to his opponent.

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Nothing so much distinguishes a man as one who will succeed as self-possession and that equanimity of temper which can stub a toe without desiring to smash something.

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There is much talk about "hard times," and it would be absurd to deny the fact that money is not only hard to get from the banks, but mighty difficult to obtain from one's debtors. The farmers are feeling poor, and merchants and business men are more or less despondent.

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But big fortunes have been made in hard times, and some of the greatest businesses have been built up when money was scarce and the average merchant felt like sitting in his private office and complaining and whining instead of adapting his methods to the necessities of the hour.

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Many feel it their duty to have a panic the moment it is admitted that times are hard and money scarce. They seem to forget that in a trying time it is the weak and indolent who go to the wall while the strong and vigorous are marked out as the ones who will win. The despondent ones feel justified in withholding payment of their debts until the last moment, while the despairing resolve that they won't pay at all and go into the hands of a receiver or call a meeting of their creditors.

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Of course there must be "hard times." The face of the earth is not even and there must be valleys of woe as well as hills of happiness. In the commercial world during the most prosperous years there are certain dull seasons when the clever merchant marks down his goods and gets ready to buy a new stock when trade becomes brisker.

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How often you see in the windows of the most prosperous merchants "Grand Clearing Sale, twenty per cent. discount for one month." When this means business and the public learn that these sales are bona fide and not mere catch-penny schemes large amounts of cash are realized though the profits are small. The profits come from the goods which this cash is used to purchase.

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In "hard times" the wise merchant conducts himself on the principle that he cannot hope to make a great deal out of money, but he can clear out his old stock and get ready for the boom of returning prosperity. There is not the slightest excuse for a business man to sit down and chew his thumb and let the collector come in and out of his office, without making an effort to pay his bills. True, he cannot use the same methods as in the seasons of prosperity but the people are always buying a certain amount of goods, and when money is scarce they take pains to buy them in the cheapest market and fashion and novelty are not as important as price.

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"Hard times" should mean a panic to no one, except the one who has been incompetent, improvident, reckless or dishonest. I passed a store the other day where a sign was up "Closed for a few days to mark down goods to suit the hard times." That man was evidently in a hole but he had taken the bull by the horns and was making the best of it. If when he reopened it he had honestly marked his goods down and was prepared to give the public bargains he should do better for himself and his creditors than if he had assigned and paid perhaps forty cents on the dollar.

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"Hard times!" They are only good times gone sour, and they can be sweetened by industry, good nature and perseverance. It is rogues who make times the hardest, for they choose it as the period when public opinion will be most likely to sympathise with them in a "failure" which may be simply an effort to defraud their creditors.

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"Hard times" is when goods have to be marked down to suit the scarcity of money. Are the business men of Canada doing this? Are the merchants of Canada endeavoring to provide their customers with their usual quota of goods at a lower price? Are the manufacturers tempering the wind of monopoly to the shorn lamb of poor crops and scant purses? Are the banks lending money to honest men on reputable paper at a rate of interest which does not mean ruin? Are the farmers, who cannot make prices or prevent the failure of crops, being treated as if their toil merited a living?

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If what the farmers have to sell is scarce in quantity and low in price the manufacturers, who have them at their mercy, should be careful and not demand of them more than they can pay or the agriculturalist will rebel against the tariff which brings good prices to every one except himself. In a period of depression the injustices of the tariff and the hardships of rings and combines are made most manifest. Let those concerned take heed lest in their greed they cause the death of the hen which lays them so many golden eggs. Let the stove-ringsters, implement makers, sugar lords, and manufacturers generally remember that the farmer and artisan have a good deal of sense and in matters touching their pockets have been known to have very long memories. I favor a protective tariff but not one that can be used tyrannically.

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If 1888 is to be a year of depression it should be a year of prudence. Those who trim their sails to the shifting and decreasing trade-wind will come out of it with as much indirect if not direct profit as they had in more rushing times.

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Toronto will suffer less than any other city in the Dominion from the depression. It has had no fever of speculation, real estate has not yet reached its actual value, its business men are sound and prudent, its mechanics industrious and thrifty, its natural advantages are surpassingly great, its absorption of business from every other locality unchecked, the public works in progress numerous and necessary, and idleness and poverty need come to no one when spring opens. Every business man has reason to be brave and thankful. This city will come out of the depression which arises almost entirely from temporary causes, and which at worst must be exceedingly brief, with a boom in business, real estate and population which will astonish the whole country. Toronto is playing the part of the wise merchant. It is and has been cautious, except in a few unimportant instances, which are now being magnified beyond their merits.

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Let it be well remembered that what trifling depression exists is for Toronto's benefit and will make this city more money next year than it will lose it this. The wise men will do business accordingly. We may feel sorry that other towns and cities may suffer; we must consider the blunt fact of our advantage and no one should be foolish enough to feel disheartened or weak-kneed. Real estate is holding its own, and in some quarters is advancing as rapidly as it has for years. Wealth is seeking the city for safe investment, and after this little pause in the rapid race for supremacy in which Toronto has already distanced all her rivals, the next heat will be one of surpassing success.

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There is a tide in the affairs of men which, when it seems at its worst, is the flood which will lead on to fortune.

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The business man who hurt his bunion the other night, is the kind of a fellow who, when he stumbles against a commercial rock, will get mad, lose his head, and make a smash.

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After the great tide of temperance agitation that has swept over the town it is not surprising that there is considerable discussion over the Hon. Frank Smith, the boss of the railway line, and yet not too proud to give up a seat in my own van!" It used to make the passengers look tired.

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My comments last week regarding the conduct of the Consumers' Gas Company as to the frightful increase in the gas-bills of last quarter attracted the attention of at least one reader, who has sent me a furious letter full of bad spelling and worse grammar, denouncing the puerility of the idea that an immoral wave has struck the gas-meters, and claiming for the Gas Company—in which he alleges he is a stockholder—that it is an honest and deserving corporation. I have decided not to publish the letter because it has not sense enough in it to deserve more than passing mention. The fact remains the same, that the whole town is complaining of extortionate gas-bills and the poor quality of gas. One man came in to tell me that when he turned the meter on in full force it would blow all the nipples out of the gas-jets, and a perfect hurricane of wind came through the pipes accompanied by the gentlest kind of a zephyr of gas. One would imagine, to see the force with which this mixture of bad air and low-grade gas comes hurrying through the mains, that the material we are being served with is nothing more than lake wind blowing through a sewer and a gas-factory.

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It is highly probable that the directors of the Gas Company are good, respectable men who would not pick a pocket or steal a chicken, but this does not alter the fact that they are not living up to their charter nor trying to give an honest and efficient service to their customers. I for one would rather have my hen roost robbed every night than pay an extortionate gas bill at the end of the quarter.

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The picture on this page reminds me of my earlier and more Bohemian days, when I had joined myself unto a comedy company that used to storm the towns in the wild and untutored West. We never played in open air, but we used to come pretty near having to sleep there sometimes. The head of it was a Englishman with a good deal of ability, but without the slightest knowledge of business. He had a smart daughter and a young and rather talented wife, but off the stage they were the most frightful slovens I ever had the misfortune to know. The hotel-keepers could never seize our baggage because we never had any to speak of, and the way "old Fagin" as we used to call him, would "stand off" his creditors was a piece of his very finest art. Our repertoire included almost everything, and everything was done alike—bad. I remember the day I made my exit from the profession which I more or less adorned for ten weeks, and with the rest of the company walked the ten miles along the hot and dusty pike from Independence, Mo., to Kansas City. I have never been sorry that I quit and do not reckon I'll ever be stage struck again.

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Mayor Clarke will have a difficult task tightening up the strings which, despite the high moral standard of the last administration, hang mighty loose in many respects. I would not like the work of digesting the court-house scheme, straightening out the waterworks muddle, or getting into order the dozen important things left in such disorder by sentimentalists who had a happy knack of forgetting to finish anything they begun.

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BEHIND THE SCENES.

## Railroad Talk.

The annual meeting of railway passenger agents is taking place in Florida this week. Mr. A. J. Taylor, C. M. and St. Paul Ry., I. P. Griswold and other well-known agents from this point, are attending it.

Yesterday a number of the friends of Mr. P. J. Slatter, city passenger agent G. T. R., who has just returned from a visit to Europe, presented him with an exceedingly handsome gold-headed cane, suitably engraved, and the following address. The address was read by Mr. E. E. Sheppard, and the cane presented by Mr. R. L. Patterson. Mr. Slatter, who was quite taken by surprise, made a brief and happy reply:

To P. J. Slatter.—Ordinarily a man does not know how few friends he has until he tries to borrow money, and it is not his ordinary privilege to know how many he has till after the funeral. A few of us desiring to give you an inkling of your popularity and wishing to convey to you an idea of our personal friendship present you with this cane, which is not intended to suggest that you had better take a walk but that we are glad to see you safely home from your long journey. Whether you know it or not, we believe you to be a generous fellow, an honorable man, and a loyal friend. As Masons and Knights Templars we esteem your modesty, diligence and the sacrifices you have made for your brethren and the Order. We do not know to manifest this in any other way than by giving you a little talk and a souvenir of our friendship. The highest compliment that we know how to pay you is that we loved you when you are here, missed you when you were away, and are delighted to welcome you back.

## Behind the Scenes.

The frontispiece this week is a true and artistic representation of life behind the scenes. Not that in theaters the same squalor and discomfort can be seen, but the same relative difference is to be found between the gorgeous tinsel that glitters before the foot-lights and the hard, dingy commonplace of the dressing-room.

In the old countries the strolling player is still to be found in his normal condition of dirt, discomfort and improvidence. The artist has well portrayed the family who live on the road. Outside on the rope is the elder son, while another keeps the curtain and calls the actors forth. Father clown gives nourishment from the bottle to the infant, while the children and performing dogs huddle around the stove. The mother, in tights and tinsel finery, is flirting with the antique village dude, who always haunts such performances and tries to make a conquest.

It is not a life to be longed for; it is the coarse and dingy side of a gilded shield. Where there is no home life there can be little happiness.

**To Correspondents.**

*Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply meagreness in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.*

High as had been the expectations of pleasure at Sir David and Lady Macpherson's ball last week, they were fully realised. As more than two hundred people were present, there was at first considerable crowding in the two halls, a large number of late arrivals had, with their wraps still on, to make their way through numbers of people who were ready, and whose pencils were hard at work. No crowd is more impassable than a dancing crowd in the act of making up its programmes. A man so employed is generally lost to all but his employment. A violent rush will of course move him, but a gentle nudge or a soft pressure is useless. Though for perhaps half an hour people made it a little uncomfortable for themselves at Chestnut Park, when the dancing had well begun, and that wedge in the hall had been dissolved into the numerous rooms, there was never anything like disagreeable crowding.

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I am beginning to weary of the phrase "the floor was perfect," but how can I vary it? My vocabulary does not admit of my saying more, and I cannot with justice say less. The great improvement in this respect has been much remarked in almost all the dances of this season. In the first ball of note, that at Rathnelly, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr set the example by giving special attention to this requisite for success, an example which has been followed by all succeeding hosts and hostesses. Sir David and Lady Macpherson were no exceptions to the rule, so that once more it must be said, "the floor was perfect."

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Chestnut Park is undeniably a most beautiful house for a ball, or for the matter of that, for any other purpose. The fine picture gallery running at right angles to the drawing and dining-rooms, and into which the two latter apartments open, was used as the ball-room. Though, perhaps, a little narrow, it was in all other respects admirably adapted to its purpose. Of that essential, readiness of ingress and of egress, it had plenty. The two doors leading to the drawing-room, the whole width of the dining-room (since the latter opening into the gallery at right angles, and undivided from it even by a curtain, forms in reality one apartment with it), the glass-inclosed and charming sitting-room at its eastern end, and the conservatory to the north—all these served, not only for exit and entrance, but also for convenient refuges, where those not actually gyrating, could rest awhile and watch the dancers, without being the least in the latters' way.

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I have mentioned the conservatory. On its delights I could dilate for an hour. Of all conservatories that I have ever seen, it is one of the most admirably constructed. Down the two sides of the long indoor garden, nearest to the picture gallery lead two passages of sufficient breadth for two to walk abreast. These lead into the second chamber of glass, a circular and lofty dome. It is this dome which is so especially beautiful; a broad pathway between walls of greenery and flowers encircles it; on either side recesses are cut at intervals, just wide enough to admit of two basket chairs. On Friday night, high overhead, amidst the green entanglement of tropical leaves and branches, hung Japanese lanterns, of which the green and blue glasses gave just the light that suited such a scene. How much havoc was wrought by the soft inducements of Sir David's conservatories has not yet transpired. If inclination existed, here was opportunity. The hour and the place were potent auxiliaries.

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It was the abundance of space, the numberless chairs and sofas in so many retiring places, which made the ball so successful. Apart from the rooms mentioned above, were there not the two spacious halls, with a staircase so wide that couples could use the steps as seats and still allow room for others to pass by them? Was there not the large library, with its many cushioned resting-places, the fine billiard-room beyond, with its many tempting corners, and was there not again beyond the billiard-room an inner library, so far from the ball-room that not even a sound of the music could be heard, and of which the low lights and complete quiet made such a refreshing haven that it was long ere some of its occupants quitted its joys? Too long sometimes. Away from the summons of the band, and at rest, it was hard to remember that such a thing existed as the next dance.

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"Small and early" was said to have been the title which Lady Macpherson gave to her dance. Small meant something over 200 people, and 1.30 to 2 a. m. was hardly early, though as people came abominably late, and dancing did not begin until ten, the time did seem rather short, and when the programme was finished, many enthusiasts departed lingeringly and reluctantly.

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The lapse of time has rather destroyed the impression which many pretty dresses made on my mind. Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston looked well as ever in a beautiful gown of charteuse brocaded silk, with pearl trimmings, while Mrs. Bankes, in heliotrope tulle, with brocaded velvet bodice and trimmings, rivalled her charms. Miss Marjorie Campbell's daisy dress was admired as much as it had been two nights before; while Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's frock of white silk, embroidered with gold, was exquisite. Mrs. Macpherson wore pink silk and white lace; Mrs. Kerr looked remarkably well in pale blue and silver brocade; Mrs. Holland was in white satin and handsome lace over pale blue satin; Mrs. Cattanach wore white satin and tulle with garlands of rosebuds; Mrs. Walter Dixon, white satin and pearls; Mrs. Buchanan wore a handsome gray gown; Mrs. Ambrose, white silk and tulle, with clusters of red cherries; Mrs. O'Reilly was resplendent in a lovely soft silk, embroidered in silver with sage-green drapery; Mrs. W. Baines, black silk with poppies. Among the fair debutantes I noticed Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, in white tulle and pearl ornaments; Miss Benson of Port Hope, in a pretty costume of pure white; Miss Thomas of Montreal, in pale gauze, and Miss Plumb of Niagara, in white silk and tulle.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Hon. G. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. D. H. Macpherson and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Major Mayne, Mr. Ward, Major Crosier, Mrs. Arkle, Miss Armstrong, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Miss Crooks, Miss Short, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Miss Campbell, Miss Edsall, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, the Misses Beeton, the Misses Larratt Smith, Miss Bunting, Miss Sherwood, Capt. and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Miss Robertson, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Miss Robinson, the Messrs. Robinson, Mr. and Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Miss Thomas, Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. and Miss Plumb, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Pipon, Major Harrison, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. O. Howland, Mr. and Miss Merritt, Miss McInnes, the Misses Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Miss Thurburn, Miss Brourb, Messrs. and the Misses Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, the Messrs. and Miss Moffatt, Mr. and Miss Tilley, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Fox, Mr. Scott, Mr. Casimer Dixon, Mr. Capriol, Mr. W. Parker Newton, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Stewart Robinson, Mr. Montague White, Mr. Rex Macdonald, Mr. Molson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Plummer, the Misses Osler, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Bolton, the Misses Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Mallock, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Wragge, Mr. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ferguson, Mr. James Morris, Captain McDougall, Mr. A. Foy, Mr. Fairclough, Mr. Baker, Mr. and Miss Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Baines, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Denison, Mr. and Miss Cayley, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, the Misses Morris, Mrs. Skae, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Seymour, Miss Armour, Mrs. Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden, Miss Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, the Misses Cassels, Messrs. George and Dyce Saunders, Mr. H. Blake, Mr. Croynen, Mr. Torrance, Mr. Reid, Miss Small, the Messrs. Small, Mr. and Miss Heward, Miss and the Messrs. Langmuir, Miss Prince, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. and Miss McLean, Mr. Burns, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. English, the Misses Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Annie Heward, Miss O'Brian, Miss Ardagh, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Bethune, Miss Macklin, Mr. Arthur Spragge, Miss Campbell, the Messrs. Campbell, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Mr. J. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cassells, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cassells, Mr. and Miss Cawthra, Miss Dumoulin, Miss Bethune, Mr. and Miss Darling, Mr. and the Misses Evans, Mr. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. Hoyles, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Sears, Miss Otter, Mr. Markland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gall, Mr. Carpmael, Mr. and Mrs. H. Moffatt, Dr. Pike, Mr. F. Joseph, Mr. Wells, Capt. Burns, Dr. Baines, Mr. F. Jones, Mr. R. N. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Edsall, Mr. and Miss Hodgson, Capt. Platt, Mr. Snell, Mr. George Williams, Mr. A. H. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, Miss Ince, Miss Isabella McKenzie, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Thomson, the Messrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Frazer Lefroy, Mr. Prince, Mr. Grant Ridout, the Misses Dods.

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A charming party was given by Mrs. Harry Pellatt at her cosy little residence, Ilkley Cottage, Sherbourne street, on Friday evening of last week. Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Beaty, Mr. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. E. Goodeham, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Morrison, Mr. C. J. Marani, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pellatt, Miss Smith and Mr. Sidney Sykes. The hostess introduced a game which has not been played here before, and which is one of the most interesting amusements I ever took part in. It is called "hueptapiel," and if more generally played would easily supersede that atrocity, progressive euchre. The whole company took to it immensely, and had great fun out of it.

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Thursday afternoon of last week was signalized by two teas or small at homes. This was an embarras de richesses, but enthusiasts were not wanting to attend them both. Mrs. Cattenach, who has seldom essayed this species of festivity before, made a number of her friends happy, while still more would have profited by her hospitality had not the ever pleasant house of Mrs. Yarker and the invitation of the latter lady tempted them to stop on Beverley street en route.

Yesterday was as busy a day for many society people as doubtless it was for the printers of this paper. On one single street, and within a space of one quarter of a mile, three events which fashion attended took place. Mrs. Dawson's At Home, a concert in aid of St. Stephen's church at the schoolhouse, and a dance at James Lockhart's house on College street. The debut, in song I mean, of a lady, who has never sung in public before, has proved a great card for the church concert. There is nothing people like better than a combination of pleasure and charity.

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Another club is in course of formation, or rather has been actually formed and inaugurated. A fortnight ago it occurred to three gentlemen that a sleighing club would be a good idea. Energy on their part, considerable writing, the printing of a few circulars, but chiefly the eloquent persuasion of their tongues has made the club an accomplished fact. Its object is the formation of drives on Saturday or other convenient days, the subscription fixed at five dollars a year, to go towards the expenses incidental to the drives, or rather towards the dinner and dance at some country hotel, which is a part of the club's programme. A tandem club was suggested, but the suggestion was overruled, and members with their friends may drive behind anything. A donkey even will not be objected to.

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Capt. Sears, Messrs. Hume Blake, Shanly, Hamilton Merritt and Cronyn are committeemen, and Mr. Fox is hon. secretary. These names alone are enough to ensure the club's success. I hope, by the way, that as our season of sleighing is comparatively short and uncertain, the club will not confine its operations to the winter. Why should it not live in the spring and summer, when picnics on wheels and horseback to such spots as the Humber might be carried out under its auspices. We have too few picnics in Toronto. Those that do take place are invariably delightful.

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The opening meet of the Toronto Sleighing Club took place last Saturday. Some dozen sleighs carried nearly forty of the cream of society to the Eagle Hotel at Weston. An excellent meal was provided for them there, after which speeches short but eloquent inaugurated the club. The floor of the fine room at the hotel was as good for dancing as for roller skating, the latter was experimented with at the cost of many bruises, the former to the music of some harpers brought out from town was of its best. Besides the committee there were present Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Edsall, Miss Seymour, the Misses Yarker, Miss Merritt, Miss Morris, Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Heward, the Misses Boulton and the Messrs. Boulton, Mr. Albert Nordheimer and Mr. H. J. Scott.

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On Wednesday evening last Sir David and Lady Macpherson entertained at dinner the following guests: Judge Robertson, Judge Street, Mrs. Morris, Col. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. W. Baines, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. H. D. Macpherson.

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A number of the very elite of society attended Miss Edsall's farewell tea-party on Monday. In spite of the gloom which the nature of the event cast on many minds, the afternoon was bright and pleasant. Miss Edsall goes, and all who knew her are sorry. There are hopes of her return, but whether she comes back or not, she cannot fail to keep a warm corner in her heart for Toronto. I only hope that her good report of us among her friends in New York may cause others of her kind, if such there be, to pay us a similar visit.

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On Wednesday many of the creme de la creme attended an afternoon reception at Mrs. James Strachan's pretty house on Richmond street. Her guests included Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss McInnes, Miss Robinson, Miss Mabel Heward, the Misses Yarker and the Misses Boulton. Others of the first families were on the same afternoon enjoying a small tea-party at Mrs. McCullough's charming little residence on College street. Quality, not quantity, distinguished this lady's guests.

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Invitations have been issued for a small dance at Carbrooke, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's house, in the Queen's Park, on Thursday, the 20th. If this dance is to be really small, and the informal notes of invitation instead of cards, seem to betoken it, the event will be delightful. Mr. Campbell's house is so large that there will be no fear of crowding there.

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Mr. E. H. Bernard of the 6th Punjab Regiment, Indian Army is at present paying a visit to this city and is staying with his aunt, Miss Jarvis. This officer served with the 2nd Essex Regiment through the Soudan campaign of 1884-85, in which the Canadian Voyageurs played so prominent a part, and is now on sick leave from Upper Burmah, having been invalided in July last on account of illness contracted during the recent campaign there. Lieut. Bernard is connected both by birth and descent with this country. He was born in Canada and his father, Col. Bernard, was, when serving in the Royal Canadian Rifles married to one of the daughters of the late Col. Jarvis of this city. I understand he is counting on the bracing air of Canada to restore to him the health which has been shattered by campaigning in the east and that in a few weeks he hopes to be sufficiently recovered to rejoin his regiment on the borders of Afganistan, ready to take part in the quelling of the turbulent tribes which are ever disturbing the peace of our Punjab frontiers, and which it is the especial duty of the force to which he belongs to keep in order.

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What proved to be quite a large gathering, enjoyed tea with the Misses Maclean on Saturday afternoon last. Their delightfully and romantically ancient residence, at the termination of Catherine street, which has been occupied by the family for the last half century or more, and in which, many times, in the days gone by, have danced the proper chaperones or prosy old bachelors of the present generation, looked quite bright and decidedly attractive and hospitable on this occasion; but I fear it was for the last time, as I believe the family will soon vacate it for a more modern dwelling.

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Among the many familiar faces present were those of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ferguson, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis, Mr. G. A. Stinson, the Misses Birchall, the Misses Shanley, Mrs. W. J. Baines, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Chris. Baines, Miss Covernton, the Misses Spratt, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Small, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Miss Dumoulin, Mr. George and Miss Burton, Messrs. White, Hoyles, Arch. Maclean, Roberts, Andrews, Reade, Brock, Frank Darling, Ward, Grier, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mr. F. Payne, the Misses Evans, the Misses Todd.

*

A delightful and surprising departure was the number of the male sex present. I really believe the men predominated in numbers as well as importance at this tea. Whether this fact is due to the half holiday, or the acknowledged popularity of the young hostesses, I know not, but am inclined to the latter belief.

*

The At Home given by Mrs. Chas. Parsons, Queen's Park, last Saturday was a most enjoyable affair. Assisted by her four daughters, the Misses Fannie, Annie, Nellie and Katie, and Miss Boswell of Cobourg, the guests were made to feel at home in this new house and to hope that many repetitions of these social gatherings may allow them to become more familiar with it. The pretty conservatory on the right hand side of the house was liberally patronized and duly inspected, and refreshments were served in the dining room on the left. Miss Annie Parsons was attired in a most becoming frock of Charles X. pink cashmere and merveilleux. The Misses Katie and Nellie wore simple and becoming gowns of cream with broad sashes.

*

The rooms were well crowded from half past four till half past six with many well known personages amongst whom were noticed, Mrs. Alex. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boswell, Mrs. James Strachan, Miss Mabel Thomas of Montreal, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Davison. Mr. and Mrs. M. Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. W. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Miss Atcheson, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. George Dunstan, Mrs. and the Misses Harris, Mrs. and the Misses Langtry, Mrs. R. Hamilton, Mrs. G. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Grantham, Mrs. Shanklin, Mr. Burns, Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Davies, Miss Gimpson, Mrs. Chas. Winstanley, Judge and Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. C. Holmes, Mrs. C. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Hill, Mrs. Davison, Miss Davison, Miss Alice Heward, Mrs. George Bethune, Mrs. Robt. Cochrane, Mrs. Arthur Boswell, Mr. Capreol, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Miss H. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Beaty, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Conolly, Mrs. John Duggan, Miss Tulloh, Mrs. Henry Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mr. Harte, Mr. Arthur Meredith.

*

A sleighing party was given last Saturday afternoon by Mr. W. H. Beatty in honor of Mrs. Severige and Miss Maude Wilmot of New York, who are visiting Mrs. Robert Myles, Mr. Beatty's sister-in-law. Among those who spent several hours very pleasantly in driving in and around Toronto were Mrs. Myles, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Shanklin, the Misses Beatty, Major Harrison, and Messrs. Dudgeon, Anglin and George Torrance. When the drive was over the party returned to Mr. Beatty's handsome residence in the Queen's Park, where between twenty-five and thirty guests sat down to dinner. On Wednesday afternoon of this week Mr. Robert Myles gave a sleighing party in honor of the same ladies.

*

A large and pleasant dance was given at Mrs. Hugh Macdonald's handsome residence on Wellington street on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald are a charming and truly hospitable host and hostess, and the floor of their large drawing room on the west side of the house is one of the best dancing floors the slippered feet of society's votaries have ever trod on. On this occasion it was covered with linen, which made it simply exquisite for dancing purposes. About 250 young people took advantage of the invitations sent out, and the affair was both thoroughly enjoyable and thoroughly enjoyed.

*

About eighty young people assembled by invitation at Mrs. Scott's, 68 Beverley street, last Wednesday, for a dance, and notwithstanding a little over-crowding, all seemed to find everything congenial to comfort, and enjoyment. I think it is a pretty well understood fact now,

*(Continued on Page Eleven.)*


CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Five o'clock Cups and Saucers,
Five o'clock Tea Sets,
Five o'clock Teapots and Kettles,
Biscuit Jars and Cheese Covers,
Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pots,
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands,
Fish, Game and Oyster Sets,
Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,
Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery,
Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons,
Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats,
Fairy Lights, a large assortment,
Old Chipendale Grandfather Clocks.

GLOVER HARRISON

Stock Taking Sale

WATCHES
DIAMONDS & ELECTROPLATE

China Dinner and Tea Sets

JEWELRY, an endless variety in Gold, Silver and Fine Art Lines.

BRIC-A-BRAC AND FANCY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE DOMINION

C. & J. ALLAN
129 KING STREET WEST

Our Factory is in full working order for Ordered Work and Repairing. 7

PROF. DAVIS

Private Dancing Academy, 80 Wilton Avenue

Branch Academy, The Pupils' Drawing-room, Grand Opera House.

Member of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing, Established in 1859. Class and Private Pupils received daily. Circulars free.

DANCE MUSIC

By Prof. J. F. Davis, for Pianos. Every Piece a Gem.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cymbelina Waltzes | 40c. |
| Great Pacific Lancers | 50c. |
| Eureka—companion set of lancers—dance explained | 15c. |
| Ripple—dance explained | 35c. |
| Jersey—dance explained | 35c. |
| La Frolique—dance explained | 35c. |
| Broncho—dance explained—including explanation of Octagon | 30c. |
| Call to Arms Polka | 50c. |

The whole eight pieces mailed to one address for $2.00

ADDRESS
PROF. DAVIS,
80 Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

LADIES
USE
BRONZEFORALL
FOR GILDING.

40 DIFFERENT COLORS.

QUA & CO., Agents
49 KING STREET WEST.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles

Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.

This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.

J. Pittman & Co

Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

## The Belle of the Ball.

I once met a lady whose back had bent and whose hair had grown gray beneath the touch of the years, and she told me that the proudest moment of her life was when she reigned as the acknowledged belle of her first ball. All the social and other triumphs of her after days, all the successes of a singularly successful career, brought her none of the gratification which came with this first triumph of her beautiful girlhood. It seemed strange to me, and I said so. She laughed, and there was a touch of bitterness and a hint of a mocking sentiment in it I thought. "Wait till you get older, my boy," she said, "and you will find that the first success of your career will be the one for which you will always hold the kindliest memories"—and she was right. I look back now and recall with keen satisfaction my first day at school and the way in which I mauled the boy who undertook to take advantage of my verdancy. And I am not bloodthirsty either.

The sketch of the young lady which appears on this page of SATURDAY NIGHT, bears so strong a resemblance to a certain reigning Toronto belle as almost to be taken for a portrait of her, though the artist's work was purely imaginary. I think there are few prettier sights in this world than this—a young girl in the conservatory with the careless wrap about her to protect her from catching cold, for this young lady, be it known, is an enthusiastic dancer, and dancing has its attendant ills as well as its blisses. She is pretty enough, in my eyes, to be the belle of a thousand balls—and would I be wishing for you a blessing or a curse, my girl readers, if I hoped that you all might be belles of just as many?—S.

## Advertising as a Fine Art.

VII.

Men may come and men may go, but the great, only and original hotel register advertising racket goes on forever. The scheme was invented some years back. When the late lamented Mr. Noah ran the Ark House on Mount Ararat, one of the first things he did was to open a book for transients to register in, and when Mr. Ham observed his father's scheme, he saw whereby he might turn an honest penny and save the house expenses, so he monkeyed around until he got up the hotel register, which, with some modifications and improvements, is the very same article of register in use to-day. It's a fake so old that I have a feeling of affection for it, and it always works so well that I cannot help respecting it, no matter how much I may heap contumely on it, for are we not prone in this world to respect any means by which money is made, so long as they are not absolutely wrong or dishonest? Man, don't we all worship the golden calf? Don't society women worship him? Don't marriageable girls worship him? Don't the bald-headed men who occupy the front rows and opera glasses during the ballet, don't they worship the golden calves, that is if the ballet girls happen to wear old gold tights? Why, bless you, it's all mammon—it's even money that makes me sit down here week after week and tell you in cold blood what I know about the true inwardness of the tricks and devices of the advertising fakir and so forth.

As to the value of advertising in a hotel register, I don't think it is of any material benefit, as no person dawdles over a hotel register except the night hawks of the morning papers who are around gathering hotel personals. But if it is of any value, why in the name of all that is great and good and glorious don't the man who wants to use that method get the register up himself and monopolize all the advertising space? He can get the book printed for $8 or $10, yet he'll pay three or four times that sum for the simple privilege of having a card in it. The hotelkeeper don't care where the book comes from so long as he gets it for nothing, and if any man believes that the hotel register is a good advertising medium, let him get it up himself, monopolize all the space and present it to the hotel. He can thus get a fifty per cent. better show than he had before at about a fourth the cost, and all the trouble he will have will be to write out his advertisement, and hand it in to some printer with instructions to get out the book. And there you are.

In memory's vista looms up the old and reliable rules and regulations racket. The rules and regulations are generally engineered by the hotel clerk who gets them up cheaply on longitudinal strips of cardboard or paper to hang on the back of bedroom doors. About the rules and regs the advertisements appear. As there are comparatively few people who occupy a hotel bedroom permanently why an advertisement on the back of a door should be of any value, I can't understand, any more than I can understand why a man will swear off on New Year's day and get paralyzed the next. The supposition or theory that a man who snores the long night through in a hotel chamber, will deliberately hunt up the back of his bedroom door in the morning to see where he can buy a pair of top-boots, is as far-fetched as cracked ice from the North Pole.

Another favorite hotel scheme is the note paper and envelope racket. A fakir goes to a hotel proprietor and offers him a hundred thousand sheets of note paper with a few cards of prominent business houses on the back. Now note-paper is quite an item to a hotel, and hotelkeepers, shrewd men that they are, generally accept the offer. On the back of the paper is printed say 10 cards of the same size, and the fakir gets for them all the way from $1 to $25 each, according to what his patron will stand, for bear in mind a fakir has no conscience. Either of these prices is cheap for a circulation of 100,000, and he promises not to collect a cent until after he has delivered that number to the hotel and has shown you the landlord's receipt for it. So he does; but did it ever strike you that though you had the landlord's acknowledgment that he received the hundred thousand sheets, the printer's receipt that he printed that number, the binder's receipt that he put that number into pads, you have nobody's receipt that your advertisement was on that number? And it wasn't. The 100,000 sheets were divided into ten editions and a different set of advertisements went on each edition. You say that is dishonest. So it is, morally, but not legally. Though the fakir promises to supply the hotel with 100,000 sheets, he does not promise that your advertisement will be on them all, though you are left to infer that; and the contract you are generally asked to sign reads something like the following:

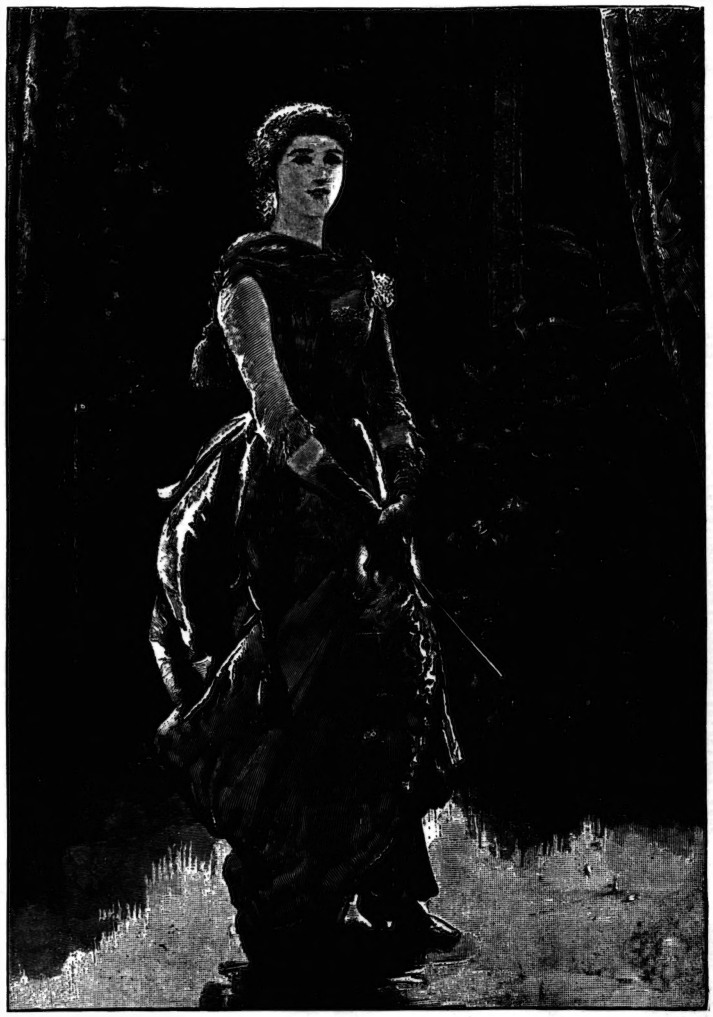
Edition No. 1.—

To Mr. Fakir:—Please insert my advertisement in the Blank Hotel note paper for which I agree to pay $— after publication.

Before asking you to sign this he tells you he won't collect a cent until he shows you a receipt from the hotel that he has delivered 100,000 sheets of note paper. He keeps his word, delivers his ten editions in one lot, gets his receipt from the hotel proprietor, shows it to you, gets your money and there you are.

The fact of the matter simply is that for ordinary advertising hotel schemes are no good. Yet people bite at them and give up their good money day after day foolishly and absurdly. So easily are people gulled into supporting these hotel fakes, that at one time a prominent advertising agent invested half a dollar in a couple of dozen ordinary tin match boxes. These he tacked on cards on which advertisements were printed, and hung them up in the different hotels. The whole outlay was about $2. Out of the scheme he made $150, yet the advertisements that appeared there were not worth five cents to the advertisers. These hotel schemes are worked every day by advertising fakirs and hotel clerks who stand in and make money out of the prestige of the hotel. But it don't do a merchant any good to stand in with a hotel clerk. Travelers nowa-days are too shrewd not to know that when they are recommended to a certain place to make purchases, the clerk will get a commission on the sales effected, and as they very properly object to paying that commission, they invariably take especial pains to go some place other than that to which they were sent.

THE ADVERTISER.



THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

## Owners of Fine Horses.

The American on visiting Toronto is at once impressed with the want of a suitable avenue on which it is possible to take even an airing without running the risk of an accident, either from an upset on the car tracks or being run into by some of the innumerable express vans, business sleighs or butcher carts that drive immoderately on every street in the city. In every American city of any note there is at least one avenue set apart for pleasure driving, where those who have the means and inclination to own a fashionable or speedy turnout can exercise their horses freely without being molested by the minions of the law; but in Toronto no such provision is made, and a great many of the goody-goody sort seem to think it almost a crime to own either a speedy piece of horseflesh or a fashionable turnout. But notwithstanding this there are a few gentlemen and even ladies who are so strongly imbued with love for the noble animal, that they put up with all the inconveniences and own turnouts that would do credit to any city in the world. The sleighing of the last few days has given these owners as good a chance as they ever get in this city to air their favorite winter turnouts for the first time. Among those who deserve mention as lovers of good horse-flesh and stylish turnouts are the Hon. D. L. Macpherson with his splendid pair of chestnuts and double-seated sleigh with bearskin robes, coachman and footman; Col. Gzwoski with his fine pair of high-stepping bays, bear robes, coachman and footman; Mr. W. H. Beatty with his magnificent pair of browns, high-back Montreal sleigh, musk ox robes, coachman and footman; Mr. W. Christie with his famous pair Red Cloud and Katie C., probably the fastest team in Toronto, two-seated Portland sleigh, bear robes and coachman; Mr. Geo. Gooderham and his slashing pair of bays, high-back sleigh, bear robes, coachman and footman; Mr. Robt. Myles, with his splendid pair of bays, musk-ox robes, high back sleigh and coachman; Mr. Joseph Walker and his cross matched chestnut and gray, two-seated Portland sleigh, bear robes and coachman; and last, but not least, Miss Beardmore and Miss Beatty, the former with a fine pair of dark bays, Rumble sleigh, bear robes, and footman, Miss Beardmore handling the ribbons herself; and the latter with a beautiful gray pair, high, red Russian sleigh, plumes and ribbons to match, and coachman. These, and many more stylish turnouts, may be seen nearly any fine day when the sleighing is good, and if a suitable place were set apart, when, a part of the day, at least, the fashionable and speedy turnouts would have the right of way, it would give a great impetus to the sale of high class horses and we would have many more in our midst.

OLD SPORT.

## Her Mistress's Boots.

There was a case in the paper the other day (says London *Truth*), in which it appeared that a lady's maid, named Vincent, had been dismissed for refusing to lace her mistress's boots. Now, it seems to my unsophisticated mind, that this valeting, whether male or female, and whether the valet be a prison-warder or not, is a very poor business on both sides, and quite as degrading to the valeted as to the valet. I don't think that I should like to be stripped or dressed by another person. I have never known which to pity more accurately, Morgan setting up Major Pendennis, or the Major being set up by Morgan. I remember once at a little inn in the north of Italy I asked for a cigar, and the obliging waiter brought it to me lit. I thought this was going too far at the time. But, after all, it was only the principle of valeting carried to its logical conclusion.

## A December Idyl.

See! The gull is graceful winging
O'er the ocean madly bounding;
And the tern is screaming, crying,
'Mid the billows, foaming, sounding.
List to north winds, booming, crashing,
And to breakers, seething, dashing—
'Tis old Neptune in the sea
Playing Winter's symphony.

Hark! The snowbird low is chirping
'Mong the snow-flakes, whirling, flying,
And the owl is hooting, blinking,
In the forests, roaring, sighing.
List to woodmen's axes falling,
And to hunters, hounding, calling—
'Tis the season of the rime—
Coating window-panes of Time.


W. & D. DINEEN
FURRIERS,
OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:
Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters.
WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.
ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED
CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS
And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.
Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs
TO MATCH.
LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.
Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs
AND
Beaver Trimming by the yard.
COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS
EVENING GLOVES
EVENING TIES
Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.
Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.
Evening Ties all kinds.
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST
COR. JORDAN. 7

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

LADIES!
If you want to get good reliable articles in the line of
HAIR GOODS
The PARIS HAIR WORKS is the place to go to.
BANGS, WAVES, WIGS, SWITCHES, &c., &c.
Everything in the latest and most improved styles. Fine lines in Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, &c., in real Amber, Garnet, Ivory, Jet, Shell, Rhinestone, &c. Choice designs in Ostrich Feather Fans, new and neat. Just opening our Christmas Stock of English, French, German and American Fancy Goods.
Now is the time to call and see them before selecting your holiday presents.
A. DORENWEND,
Paris Hair Works.
103 & 105 YONGE STREET.
The Most Reliable Hair Works in Canada.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.
The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

# Elfie: a Barrister's Story

By JOHN COLEMAN.

*ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.*

## I.

### "THE WHITE HORSES."

Before I was called to the bar I was an actor—at least, I thought I was—the public, however, did not subscribe to my opinion on the subject, so I—but the public is a hydra-headed ass.

George Filstone and I, who were sworn chums, and almost brothers, quitted our legal studies at eighteen, ran away from home together, and joined a company of comedians in the Eastern Counties. After being knocked about from pillar to post for a couple of years, we got further north and at the commencement of this narrative we were both members of a small strolling company, with whom we roughed it (and very literal roughing it was) in various barns, halls and fitups in some of the small towns of Scotland. Our first difficulty was to get into a town, our last, how to get out of it, but our greatest difficulty of all was, how to live wherever we were. Obviously the best move would have been to have got out of the concern altogether—that is very easy to say, but not so easy to do—at least it wasn't in those days.

My mother was dead; my father was furious at my going on the stage—George was exactly in the same predicament. I hadn't a friend except George—yes, I had one who was nearer and dearer to me than all else in the world; and I struggled on, hoping for better days; for her sake more than my own. Trying as was my lot, hers was even worse. I, at least, had liberty, and the attraction and fascination of the most alluring, though the most precarious,

"SQUATTED BESIDE HIM WAS A HUGE BULL-DOG."

of all professions. She, poor dear, was an orphan, and a dependent on some puritanical relations, who took every opportunity of reminding her of her unfortunate and defenceless position—but she had faith in me. I was not the victorious prince, but I was her true and trusty squire, on whose stout arm and faithful heart she relied, and relying, looked forward with patience and confidence. Mean while I invoked blessings on my good enchanter, the post-office, through whose precious talisman, in the shape of a penny postage stamp, I was enabled twice a week to regale my darling with glowing accounts of our peaceful triumphs, conjuring up, in imagination, successes forshadowing future glories (which, alas! never came), and transforming them into present realities. If my poor lad had only known that while she read of crowded houses, and enthusiastic audiences, we were tramping the country, weary, and almost barefoot, freezing with cold, and famished with hunger! She knows all about it now—but even at this distance of time, when George and I "act" our young encounters o'er again, and make merry over past troubles, she cannot bear to hear us speak of them. We had loved each other from childhood, and were to be married as soon as I came of age, and inherited the little property left by my mother, which would, at any rate, place us above the reach of want.

The season at Stirling was over, and we had to make the last of our way to Helensburgh—then a small watering-place on the banks of the Clyde—just where the great river widens out into the sea.

The ladies of our little troupe were sent on by coach and rail, taking our baggage with them, while the men made the best of the way afoot George and I walked together as far as Greenock—a distance of some forty or more miles—and there we stuck, inasmuch as the steamboat of the Clyde yawned six or eight miles wide twixt us and our destination. The steamboat sailed on the day of our arrival, but the fare was a shilling each, and we hadn't a penny between us, my last coin having been devoted to a postage-stamp for a letter to London, freighted with as many pious fibs as I could cram into a sheet of paper.

What was to be done? The other fellows had gone aboard as bold as brass, but George and I were "young in crime," and we remained behind, expecting to see our audacious comrades sent ashore in irons. To our astonishment, however, off went the boat, and, like the late Lord Ullin,

We were left lamenting.

The steamer only went twice a week; it was now Wednesday. The next boat didn't go till Monday. We were to open at Helensburg on Friday night, besides which came the important question, How were we to live till Monday? Although we had made many experiments in that direction, we had not as yet learnt how to live without eating. As for "raising the wind," we had literally nothing about us but what we stood up in. My watch and chain, two or three little articles of jewelry, together with my overcoat and sundry other valuables had been "negotiated" upon long ago, and George was in exactly the same plight; but he was a lad of resources. Fortunately we had been in Greenock before.

"Keep up your pecker, old man," said he, and cruise about here till I come back," and away he went.

In about half an hour (the longest half-hour I ever remember) he returned jaunty—triumphant! He was accompanied by two fishermen and a boy, whom he introduced as his friends Sandie MacDougall and his sons, Davie and Jamie. During his former stay in the town George had lodged with these honest fisherfolk, who had attached themselves to him, and no wonder, for he was, and is still, a most lovable creature. Sandie was a fine, big, broad-chested, open-browed, bronzed man of fifty, Davie was a strapping young fellow of five-and-twenty, and Jamie was a bright lad of fifteen.

Sandie promised to row us over to the other side in his own boat, promising, however, that we must first "come ben and have the bit and the sup" at the midday meal, which was ready and waiting. This was not a hard condition in the state of our empty stomachs, and we didn't wait to be asked twice.

When we reached Mungo's Close we found a pot of cocky-leakie, a singed sheep's-head, half-a-dozen Finnon haddies, heaps of oat-bread, and a "wheen" of sour milk awaiting us. The guid wife (a great strapping woman, as big as Sandie himself) made us heartily welcome, so did the rest of the family, from Jock, the old coolie, Mattie, the eldest girl (a fine, plump, bare-footed lassie of eighteen or nineteen), down to little Donald, a mischievous young monkey of five or six, and the infant Hercules, who crowed and chuckled at George, and insisted on jumping into his arms and poking his little fat fists into his platter'ver our minute.

When we had done ample justice to Mrs. MacDougall's substantial repast, and Sandie and Davie had each had a pull at the pipe, we bade good-bye to our kind hostess, Mattie, and the bairns. As we got to the door, Jamie turned back to hug the guid wife. It was easy to see who was the mother's pet.

"She'll spoil the laddie," growled Sandie. "She ave goes spletthering ever him like a coo o'er her first calf."

It was about half-past one when we left Greenock, and Sandie calculated that we should reach the other side in an hour and a half, and that he would be able to get back by tea time. When we pushed off there was scarcely a breath on the water, and we made way as smoothly as if we were floating on a sea of oil. My Sandie and Davie smoked their pipes and chatted about their nautical adventures. Davie had been out on a whaling expedition from Dundee to Spitzbergen, and had plenty to tell us of his adventures with seals and walruses, and especially of one exciting encounter with an old grisly. George sang us The White Squall, and we had quite a pleasant time of it until we were nearly half-way across. By this time there was not a craft of any kind within sight; a dead calm fell upon the waters—a calm that seemed to me to have something weird and uncanny about it—nor to me alone; for I noted that the fishermen looked anxiously to windward. All at once the horizon became clouded, the wind rose slowly from the northward, and came creeping and crawling along until it reached us.

A mile or more away to the open on our left, a mist of thick gray watery vapor rose slowly from the sea. It rose and rose until it reached the sky, shutting out the sunshine and darkening the face of day. The silence became yet more profound and alarming—became so intense, that I could hear no sound save the beating of my own heart. At last from afar came a soft boom, which gradually got louder and louder till it burst into a roar which shook air and sea and sky, until the watery cloud burst, as if a park of artillery had been fired into it—burst into myriads of particles of irridescent spray, from the heart of which the red sun glared angrily through red spikes of fire, as if the universe beyond was all ablaze.

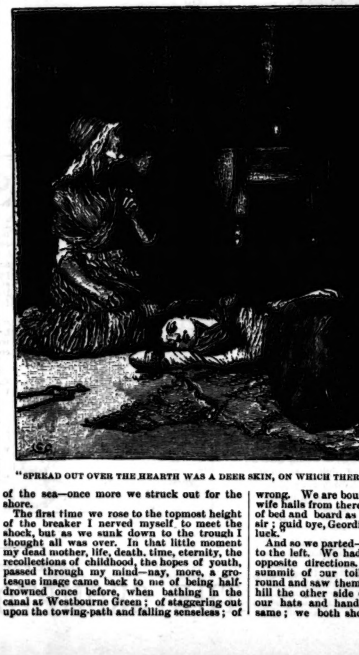
Thus for a moment: then the sea rose 'twixt us and the sun, and fashioned itself into cluster upon cluster of huge white-crested foaming billows, which reached, we seemed to reach, the very gates of heaven. At the sight Davie shouted, "Look! look!—the white horses—the white horses!"

Even as he spoke the waves came leaping forward with a roar and bearing down upon us. Through his clenched teeth Sandie muttered, "Now Christ have mercy on us!" while the boy cried aloud, "Oh, mither, mither!"

"Hout, tout; haud your blether," said the old man, sternly; "the pap is aye in your mou. Be a man, Jamie; and if ever you want to see the mither or the ingle neuk again, lift the boat's nose round abreast the breaker every time I gie ye the word. Davie, keep your een on me. As for us, lads, haud by the rullocks like grim death; and, whatever ye do, keep your balance—gin ye sagg one way or the ither, down we go to Davy Jones. Look out! Haud hard—here comes the first muckle beast of a wave! She's intil our ribs a' ready."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when a huge breaker, high as a church steeple, came swooping down upon us. Ere it could reach us, the boy had turned the stem of the boat round to meet it; and up, up, we went with a rush, until we seemed to touch the sky. Then down, down, we went with a leap, which I thought must have carried us sheer to the bottom; but we had no sooner reached the trough of the waves than the good boat, despite the heavy sea we had shipped, righted herself and floated like a cork. Quick as lightning the boy lifted her stem to the opposite shore, while the men lay to and rowed for dear life.

When we had time to breathe we found that we were all drenched to the skin; worse still, we found that we were up to our knees in water. Instinctively George and I began to bale out with our hats till the boat, at the next breaker warned the boy to lift the boat round again. Once more we ascended the summit of the wave, once more we sank into the trough of the sea—once more we struck out for the shore.



"SPREAD OUT OVER THE HEARTH WAS A DEER SKIN, ON WHICH THERE LAY A GIRL OF SOME EIGHTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS."

The first time we rose to the topmost height of the breaker I nerved myself to meet the shock, but as we sunk down to the trough I thought all was over. In that little moment my dead mother, life, death, time, eternity, the recollections of childhood, the hopes of youth, passed through my mind—nay, more, a grotesque image came back to me of being half-drowned once before, when bathing in the canal at Westbourne Green, of staggering out upon the towing-path and falling senseless; of being found there by a lady and a little girl; of being wrapped in a shawl and taken home to their house, and of the little girl growing up to be his wife of my life!

Midst all this coil, strange to say, I had no trouble, no anxiety, no speculation as to the hereafter—the struggle for life, the thought of what would become of her when I was gone, and the fight against the ever-present, imminent and apparently inevitable death engrossed every faculty of thought.

Thus, for I know not how long, we perpetually and rapidly leaped up, and shot down yet more rapidly into the abyss beneath. At last I found myself plaidly quoting Hamlet, "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now—if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

Of course I shall be told by experts that I am making over-much fuss about this crossing a narrow arm of the sea in a gale—that it was but a tempest in a teapot, a storm in a puddle. But was it so? I have been upon the vexed ocean when we have despaired of ever making land, when I could scarcely keep my hold upon the deck; I have seen stout barks, brave men, helpless women, and innocent children go down before my eyes—yet even then, I have felt almost secure, with the deck of the good ship beneath my feet; but now, with this little cockle shell of a boat with but one thin plank between us and death—death above, below, and all around.

As for George and myself, whether gripping the sides of the boat as she rushed madly up above, or leaped headlong down below, or baling out the water 'midst the trough of the hell-broth which boiled beneath, whether

Our laboring bark clomb hills of seas
Olympian high, or ducked again as low
As hell's from heaven,

we still kept our eyes fixed on Sandie, whose frank, fearless face gave hope and heart to us all. Even the very boat herself seemed to throb like a living thing, instinct with life and motion, respondent to his very touch!

How long this lasted I can't tell—at most it could only have been for a few hours! They seemed ages! At last there came a lull, and, even as it did so, the dusk of evening fell. It was well for us the storm had ceased, or we must have been lost in the gathering darkness.

"We've got off by the skin of our teeth, this time. We ha' drifted miles beyond Helensburg. The deil kens whar we are drifting the noo, for I dinna. Happen we are getting down towards Allea Craig—and, God's truth! I wish we were there, or anywhere else oot o' this," exclaimed Sandie.

Then he continued. "If the mune would gie us a wee bit squint, we might at least look death i' the face, gin the auld loon be still speerin' for us. Anyhow, its nae use grizzling about him—let him come, an' he will. We're ready, boys, aye, ready! Meanwhile, gie us a light, Davie;" and the two men—father and son—mopped their brows and smoked their pipes.

After awhile, the old man resumed, "Geordie, my mannnie, gie us a wee bit sang, just to put the heart intil us."

This request appears incongruous and absurd now, even to me who am writing about it by my cosy fireside; but it was neither the one nor the other then. George had a magnificent barytone, and when he struck up Scots Wha ha wi' Wallace Bled, the noble strain set their Scotch hearts afire, and stirred mine (for I, too, come from the Celt) as if with the blast of the pibroch. Then the boy Jamie sang in a pathetic tone, but with a clear, fresh voice like a lavrock, Caller Herrin'; and I think this saddened us a bit, especially as the gloom became deeper and deeper, until at length the gloaming deepened into the mirk.

For a time we lay still, not knowing which way to shape our course in the darkness, until the cold became piercing, and we sat shivering and silent. At length Geordie burst out with Weel May the Boatie Row. It was an inspiration. It lifted us, and seemed to lift the clouds too; for while we joined heartily in the chorus, the rift dispersed as if by magic, the moon leaped out of the sea, and there, barely a mile distant, lay the opposite coast; while, further down to our left, fair in the moonlight, shone forth the great rock of Dumbarton!

"Ech, ladies," said Sandie with a laugh, "ye ha' a lang stretch before ye noo. The sooner we gang the sooner ye'll get; so pull away, Davie. Set her head to the shore, Jamie, my man; and as Geordie, gie us, Weel, May the Boatie Row yance mair."

As they lay to their oars, and we joined in the chorus, the boat flew over the water like a curlew; in another quarter of an hour we leaped ashore, and dragged her up high and dry on the beach, where we laid her, keel upwards.

There was no sign of human habitation for miles around, and we were famished with hunger; fortunately, however, there was a huge turnip field in the immediate vicinity. There is not much nourishment in this cooling esculent, still, nature abhors a vacuum, and it helped to fill the void; so Davie and Jamie set to work freely, as well as themselves, with their hugh clasp knives, while the old man had recourse to a plug of tobacco. After this interlude we walked across the fields till we reached the middle of a glen, bisected with the high road. Then Sandie said, "There ye are, lads; keep to the left, follow your noses, and ye canna gang wrong. We are bound to Dumbarton (the guid wife bides there). I wish ye were as sure of bed and board as we are. Guid bye the e, sir; guid bye, Geordie. God speed, and better luck."

And so we parted—they to the right, and we to the left. We had each to ascend a hill in opposite directions. As we approached the summit of our toilsome ascent we turned round and saw them waiting at the top of the hill the other side of the valley. We waved our hats and handkerchiefs. They did the same; we both shouted "good-bye" as we turned away, and that was the last we ever saw of our generous, warm-hearted friends, Sandie MacDougal and his brave boys.

I have given their real names here, because more than once I have tried to communicate with them, but have never succeeded. When last I heard of them they were in Canada. Should the sight of this brief record of their unpretentious heroism ever come across them in their new home beyond the sea, I beg them to believe that one of the lads whose lives they saved upon that awful night, is shaking hands with him with his heart; and I dare say a certain grave magistrate out in Demerara would be glad to join in the operation—eh, Geordie?

## II.

### HAL'S WYND.

Now commenced the end of our weary journey—a journey of eight miles as the crow flies from our point of departure. As I have said, we were already drenched with sea-water; but we had almost succeeded in walking the cold off, when, as our ill-luck would have it, it commenced to snow slick in our teeth. First the snow came down in gentle, feathery flakes, which melted as they fell—then it came thicker and thicker, till it lay inches deep beneath our feet, covering the moor for miles around. At last we reached the open, over a stretch of moorland, where we lost all track of the road. Nathless we plodded on until all hope sank up to our knees in a bog. I thought it was all over with us; but we contrived to pull ourselves together out of the quagmire, and harked back to the high road, which we were enabled to distinguish by two ridges of stone wall. Here we brought ourselves to anchor and shook the snow off our clothes.

George had recourse to his never failing pipe—for inspiration. How I envied him that humble nepenthe, for—alas! I sighed to confess the unmanly weakness—at that time I couldn't smoke.

We had almost resolved to turn back, when, thank goodness! the snow changed to rain. At first it only drizzled, presently down it came with a vengeance, and cleared the snow away as if by magic, leaving the road bare and clear far away before us over the moor.

At this we took heart of grace and resumed our journey. Our clothes were wet through and through, and we were obliged to step out to restore the circulation. We got over the moor, which was nearly a mile long, and reached the beaten track of the high road in safety, and it was well we did so, for it began to snow again. That nothing might be wanting to complete our wretchedness, the snow turned to hail, and then a sharp breeze and a quick frost set in which threatened to freeze the very marrow in our bones—and so two terrible hours passed away.

At last, thank heaven! we reached our destination, weary and footsore, half-frozen, and wholly famished.

As we passed down the high street the village clock struck twelve, and played a set of chimes, as George said, in honor of our arrival.

Every house was shut, every window barred, every door bolted. We wandered up one street and down another, hoping to see some friendly light in a window. At last we discovered the inn where we were to act, and rang the bell loudly, whereupon the sympathetic ostler—a ruffianly brute with a red head—pulls head out of a window, and told us to be off, or he'd set the dogs upon us. As we turned away despairingly, not a sound could be heard, save the melancholy howling of the village curs baying the moon. Not even a policeman was to be seen

Just as we were ruefully beginning to realize that we must walk the streets till daybreak if we meant to keep life within our frozen bodies, we saw a tall, swarthy-looking young man smoking his pipe, and leaning with folded arms against a stile at the top of a close on the other side of the street. He was evidently taking stock of us, for he regarded us most suspiciously. Squatted beside him was a huge bull dog—the most hideous looking beast I ever saw. The man, too, was a strange-looking fellow to encounter in a Scotch village at midnight. He was the very type of a pure-blooded gipsy, tall, slender, dark-complexioned, black hair and eyes, the latter adorned with rings in his ears. Although it was still freezing bitterly, his shirt sleeves were turned up to the shoulder, displaying his muscular but finely formed arms; a yellowish hairy cap was stuck jaunttily on one side of his head; he had a well-worn double breasted coat of crimson plush, with white mother-of-pearl buttons. His shirt was open at the neck, with a yellow silk handkerchief carelessly twisted around it.

When we got exactly opposite George made a halt, the beast growled and crouched backward as if about to make a springe. Now I have a constitutional dread of hydrophobia, besides which I had been bitten once before, and, once bit, twice shy." I may as well confess, if it had not been for the look of the thing, I should have turned and bolted. George, however, fears neither man nor devil; besides, he's fond of horses and dogs—bull dogs especially, for I have seen him "gentle" down the most savage brute of a horse in five minutes; he, too, for dogs, the most ferocious of the tribe follow him like lambs.

As we were about to cross the street the dog springforward, with ears and tail erect, and flaming eyes; but when George advanced boldly to meet him, extending his hand, saying, "Now then, Bogey, old boy; what's up?" to my astonishment, I may add to my relief, the great creature leaped upon him, and began to lick his face, making all kinds of queer, strange noises, evidently expressive of canine delight.

The man looked on with opened-mouthed amazement. At last he said, "How the mischief did ye ken the beast's name was Bogey!"

"Why you see, my friend," replied George, pleasantly, "I developed the fact from my inner consciousness, because—"

"Because why?"

"Because the poor brute is so uncommonly ugly."

"Ah! weel—handsome is as handsome does; and Bogey's the best beastie that ever walked on four legs."

While this conversation was going on, Bogey transferred his regards to me. Although he was not so affectionate to me as to George, nevertheless, he was affectionate enough.

George and the gipsy soon established friendly relations; and the latter turning round to me said brusquely, but genially, "Well, anyhow, we can gie you shelter for the nicht; so come ben, and fat ye may."

Here was a Godsend—we had alighted on our feet, after all. Following our host down the wynd, we entered a large, long stable amidst the dim light of which we saw two donkeys peacefully slumbering; then we ascended a ladder which led to the flight above; and emerging from semi-darkness we found ourselves in a huge barn, which was impermeated with delicious odors, exhaling from a large black pot which bubbled over a roaring fire, before which were two women, and a large handsome black cat, with a conspicuous white patch of fur on its breast; for a moment, Master Tom (for he turned out to be a gentleman) curved his back like a young tiger, but he thought better of it, for he immediately sprang towards us and came purring round my legs. Evidently he didn't like the wet, for he shook himself, and uttering a pathetic "mew," returned to the fire.

One of the women, an imposing, weird, Sibylline figure, in those deep glowing eyes, dark complexion, and strongly marked features sufficiently attested her gipsy origin, was smoking her pipe, the fumes of which she placidly contemplated as she puffed through her nostrils. A piece of crimson drapery, twisted round her head, contrasted vividly with her beautiful and abundant white hair. Her dress was of some soft dark stuff, the color of which I could not clearly define. The remarkable personage pricked up her ears at sight of us, paused over her pipe for a moment, looked us through and through, then quietly returned to her tobacco, as if utterly oblivious of our presence.

Spread out over the hearth was a worn, stained and freasy deer skin, on which there lay, extended at full length, in an attitude of unstudied and indolent grace, a girl of some eighteen or twenty years. Her right arm was thrown carelessly behind her head, which rested with her face turned upward towards the light. What a face it was—and what a figure! What exquisite undulations the simple garb suggested or revealed! She was clad in a short little of some dark stuff, with a petticoat of crimson, from which the bare limbs extended, round and beautiful as those of some antique statue. As I caught sight of the group I felt as if I saw as vividly as I saw it then), illuminated by the red glow of the fire, I thought, "What a picture for Salvator Rosa to paint!"

The man came forward and said:

"Hi! hi! Granny, stir yoursel'; Elfie, lassie, wake up and get the supper."

The old woman composedly knocked the "dottle" out of her pipe, and leisurely rose to her full height (how tall she was!) while the girl sprang to her feet like some wild doe of the

AS PICTURESQUE A FIGURE AS I EVER REMEMBER TO HAVE SEEN.

mountains. As she did so, a fell of dark brown hair, flecked with gold, escaped from her kerchief, almost down to her knees. Most dark hair had hitherto seemed to me opaque, but the streaks of gold in this appeared to quiver with streaks of fire, and to flash back sparks of gold into the red light. I have never seen such hair before or since.

The man resumed: "Now then, lassie, lalk alive, here's twa laddies benighted, wha'll just want a dip in the muckle pot, and the snow melted oot o' their cloots. I'm thinkin'."

The girl looked at me as in a dream, and blushed as I met her admirement and alarm—perhaps both. Then she rubbed her eyes, and looked again. Bogey came and thrust his jowl affectionately against her knee; instinctively, and, without looking down, she patted his great head with her hand. As she pushed the masses of hair behind her small well-shaped ears, her eyes and her teeth began to assert themselves. The eyes seemed to emit streams of opalescent light, and her teeth shone like the whitest ivory by contrast with the rich olive of her skin.

A moment more and she was awake, and began to glide rapidly about the room, assisting the elder woman in preparing the supper.

Meanwhile, the man beckoned us to the fire, and brought forth from some mysterious corner a large brown jar, and invited us to have a nip of usquebaugh to take the cold out of our bones. While thus engaged, the steam arose from our wet clothes, and almost filled the room with vapor. The girl came forward, looked curiously at us, and, taking up the lamp disappeared rapidly into the darkness, from which she emerged almost immediately with an armful of clothing, consisting an old tweed jacket, a worn cashmere dressing-gown (both lined with silk, as we afterwards discovered), a couple of fine, but frayed crickeding shirts, and other under-garments, which she gave the man, who significantly beckoned us to the opposite end of the room, which was curtained off into a primitive chamber by means of some dark brown blankets hung from wall to wall. In a short space of time we had doffed our sodden clothing, and were dry and comfortable everywhere except our feet.

When we returned to the fire the snow in our boots (which might have been better) melted into steam. The man said something in a language I couldn't understand to the girl, who ran down again to the other end of the room, and returned with a couple of pairs of thick Shetland hose. Throwing a pair to my friend, she cast herself down before me, and, taking my foot in her lap, began to unlace my boot. For a moment I was taken aback by this procedure—then I made a movement to prevent her—she, however, merely looked up, and threw upon me for a moment the two floods of light from her great eyes, then she tenderly chafed my feet with her warm soft little hands. Bogey came and thrust his muzzle up into my face, the cat went purring round, the pot bubbled on the fire, the Sibyl squatted down by her nook in the ingle, and again lighted her pipe, while the man softly whistled, "Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad," by way of accompaniment. At last, when my dusky Elfie had thawed my frozen feet, and clad them with the warm woolen hose, which had all the while been toasting before the fire, our host sang out,

"Noo, guid folk! Supper! supper! and deil take the hindmost."

Instantly all was life and motion, and we found ourselves sitting round the black pot with the rest of the family as if it were a lucky bag, from which came forth at one moment the wing of a pheasant, at another the leg of a rabbit, the backbone of a hare or a savory junk of bacon. Then we had oatcake hot from the griddle, and potatoes baked in the ash—washed down with copious libations of mountain dew for those who cared for it. For my part I stuck to Adam's ale, which Elfie brought from the spring without for me and for herself.

George talked away with the man and the old woman, while I tried to engage the girl in conversation. I might as well have been talking in an unknown tongue, for she merely looked at me, and remained obstinately silent. By-and-bye our host became communicative, and presently we learnt that his name was Donald Lea—that he was a tinker

—that Elfie was his sister, that the Sibyl was his grandmother. There was some yarn about her having been queen of the tribe, that she had married a Gentile, and had been expelled, but, indeed, I was more occupied in studying the girl, who was unlike anything I had ever seen, than in listening to the father's rigmarole. When the supper was cleared away, we all sat down by the fire. George and Donald took to their pipes and their toddy, and got talking about dogs and horses, fishing and game preserving. Grannie returned to her pipe, and began to glower at me balefully. As for Elfie—well, I looking at her, and she looking back—looking at me, till, I think, she mesmerized me, for I dozed off and fell fast asleep, with Bogey on one side of me and the cat on the other.

George told me afterwards that when Donald got to his third glass he became communicative, and naively admitted that although he certainly intended all the pots and pans, and ground all the knives and scissors, and set all the razors that came in his way (like Rob Roy, he despised "sic mechanical pursuits," preferring was his real vocation, and he found it a highly profitable one. Besides always having something for the pot, he never had any difficulty in finding a market at Greenock for a salmon, a dish of fresh trout, a hare, or a brace of birds. As for the womenkind, they bought anything they could make an honest penny by—particularly old lace, china, brass, cast-off finery, and nick-nacks of every description. These they sold to the dealers in Glasgow at a great profit. Between them they had saved a heap of money, and Elfie would bring a stocking full to her "mam" for her "tocher."

Meanwhile I was far away in Dreamland, lying on the topmost height of a huge precipice, high over the summer sea which stretched out far away until it melted into a soft, shimmering golden sunset: Elfie stood before me, beautiful and seductive as the nymph of the Lurleyberg: she beckoned me to her as she retreated backward towards the summit of the precipice—I knew that death lay beyond, but I could not withstand the glamour of those eager (although eyes, so I rose, and followed her; we reached the brink, she clasped her arms around my neck—she placed her ripe, luscious lips on mine—and I was drawn over the precipice; as we fell, a huge mountain ash, with great branches, and clusters of scarlet berries, spread forth its lusty arms (twixt me and death); while I struggled for dear life, my darling's sweet face shone forth above me like a beacon light, and she threw down a long, thick coil of her bright, sunny hair; I clutched it, then Elfie unloosed her hold, and, fixing her sad, reproachful eyes on me to the last, slunk slowly into the void beneath, while I found shelter in the arms and on the heart of my true and constant love!

At this very moment I was brought back to earth by a well known voice exclaiming:

"Now then, old man, wake up; wake up, and turn in to roost."

Elfie and Donald had disappeared; the dog lay sleeping on one side of the hearth, the cat on the other—and there was no sign of the Sibyl.

Our bed was ready; it was primitive, but comfortable enough for two weary wayfarers. It consisted of clean straw, and plenty of it, with a couple of blankets. The room, with the aid of another blanket or two hanging upon clothes lines, which extended from wall to wall, was now divided into a third compartment. When I got to rest I lay awake for a few moments thinking of the freak of fortune which had led us into these strange quarters; above all, thinking of the strange dream which still haunted me. At last the vocal concert which arose on all sides, beneath and around, soothed me gently into blissful unconsciousness, as though the strange sounds made were the sweetest lullaby.

It seemed as if I had been asleep barely five minutes when the braying of the couple of donkeys startled me, and made me awake and wonder where I was. It was fair daylight, and the sun was streaming into the room, so up we jumped. I discovered by the bye that (although George had not been so favored) my clothes and boots had been carefully brushed.

A large brown glazed pannion of cold water, a piece of yellow soap, and a rough towel were placed on a barrel at the foot of the bed. Improvising a hasty toilette, we turned out, and found a substantial breakfast awaiting us.

The Sibyl was crouched before the fire, smoking her everlasting pipe, and the black pot was bubbling away already.

Donald was below preparing the donkeys for the day's journey, while Elfie remained to wait upon us, still fixing her weird, wondering eyes upon us. By the light of day she was even more beautiful than she had seemed the night before, but she was as reticent as ever. At length I heard her speaking in some gibberish to the old woman, of whom I ventured to make inquiry as to whether she could not speak English.

"Speak English!" replied the Sibyl; "aye, speak it by the yaird, when she's i' the mind; she's no i' mind the noo, na mair an I; so you'd better gang, and guid luck gang wi' ye."

Had she been a queen, dismissing us to the holy keeping of heaven, the ancient dame could not have given us our dismissal with a more regal grace. So, with Elfie leading the way, we took our departure.

When we got into the street, there was Donald smoking his pipe, with his cart in his hand, and the two donkeys prepared for the day. One of them was attached to the tinker's barrow—a large and ambitious affair, with all kinds of grindstones and treadles and straps, flanking brass things, and a seat for the driver. The other had a couple of large wicker panniers on either side.

As we shook hands and thanked our kind friends for their hospitality, it occurred to me that it would be a proper thing to assist Elfie to her seat, and offered to do so, but she motioned me aside with a smile, stepped back three or four paces, called out something to the cuddy, and without the slightest apparent effort, took a flying leap, and alighted on the croup, tucking her right foot under, leaving the left leg hanging down, and forming, as she trotted off, as picturesque a figure as I ever remember to have seen. Donald set off after her, and we made the best of our way to the inn where we were to meet the rest of the company.

*(To be Concluded Next Week.)*

### Repartee.

Tin horn—Hells, drum, I hear you've been taken!

Drum—Oh, you be blowed.

### Speaking from Experience.

Miss Blanche—Have you made any conquests this summer?

Miss Lilian—Oh, yes; Mr. Jones proposed the day before we came away.

Miss Blanche—Doesn't he pop the question in the most awkward manner imaginable?

They meet as strangers.—*Life.*

### Working Him Nicely.

Wife (at breakfast)—You came in very late last night, John.

Husband (who plays poker)—Yes, I was-er er at the office.

Wife (anxiously)—Really, John, I'm afraid to have you work so hard. You are over-taxing your strength. Can you let me have twenty dollars this morning?

Husband—Certainly, my dear.—*Siftings.*

### The Man for the Business.

"Are you a chemist," asked a large portly man, as he walked into a small dingy office.

"Yes, sir."

"Know all about acids and salts?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fix up combinations that will eat through sheet-iron in five minutes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll take you into my business at once. What salary do you want?"

"But, sir; what is your business?"

"I'm a manufacturer of five-cent whiskies."

## A Bold Stroke.

The moon struck across the water in a long, gleaming, shivering line—sensitive as quicksilver. The sweep of the track shone white. Distant groups of idlers dotted it darkly at intervals. The perfectory gaze of the hotel band was pouring itself out upon the night in brazen strains that reached the remoter privacy of the cottages along the sea shore in subtuned modulations. They were playing some popular waltz.

Mrs. Rauleigh rose and crossed the piazza. She was a trifle pale in the moonlight. But, as Viviard McKim observed in his well-bred drawl to his neighbor, Mrs. Charteris, when she had made the remark, Mrs. Rauleigh was always pale.

Mrs. Charteris turned sharply upon him.

"Do you admire her!"

Viviard McKim stroked his mustache lightly.

"Every one admires a pretty and an elegant woman, I believe, does he not, Mrs. Charteris?"

Emma Charteris, when so said things of this sort, always fixed the glance of her magnificent eyes abruptly upon him. She had shown great flexibility. She had adapted herself to the changes, the shibboleth of a society to which, an untutored, beautiful barbarian from a rough Western mining village, she had been a stranger until the day when she became Edmund Charteris' wife, with an ease and a malleability remarkable only to such as have not seen these transformations effected countless times almost in the twinkling of an eye. Nevertheless, there seemed to be lapses in her adaptability. When she turned and looked upon him suspiciously in that way, Viviard McKim always wondered vaguely how, gloriously lovely as she was from the physical point of view, Edmund Charteris could ever have married her.

"Do you admire your cousin?" he now demanded, throwing himself back in his chair and regarding her from under his languid lids. He had the faculty of making directly personal remarks to women. Or perhaps it was not faculty, but simply impertinence. So other men thought. They considered it part, and a good part, of his confounded success with the other sex.

"She is not my cousin!" Mrs. Charteris closed her lips harshly over the words.

A gleam of amusement shot from McKim's drowsy glance.

"I beg your pardon. Mr. Charteris' cousin I—"

Whatever he had been going to say he stopped abruptly, and leaning forward took Mrs. Charteris large feather fan from her lap and began, with the easy familiarity that characterized him, to open and shut it gently. Mrs. Rauleigh was coming towards them.

She stopped and smiled. She had a charmingly delicate smile. She was altogether delicate—almost to transparency. People said that was probably the reason she went on wearing the lightened mourning of her widowhood so long. It emphasized the ethereal fragility of her appearance. With her slimness, her serenity, her grace, her soft step and her starry eyes, that always seemed to have something still and remote in their depths, she was as a woman compounded out of moonbeams and night mists.

"Won't you come indoors!" she now said, "they are going to dance, I think."

Mrs. Charteris sat stonily unresponsive. McKim had started to his feet.

"Why are you so anxious to drag us in out of all this natural beauty, Mrs. Rauleigh?" he demanded jocosely. But both women had suddenly turned their heads. A man was coming the cottage steps. In a moment Edmund Charteris was standing by the side of his wife and his cousin. He was a tall, boyish, strikingly handsome fellow, with a frank, open his face the marks of recent anxities and in his eyes the distraught expression that comes with mental cares prolonged day after day.

"Are you ready to come home, Eunice?" he asked, addressing his wife.

"Ready to go home! You are very complimentary to Margaret! Her guests have barely arrived."

"I hope you will not be in a hurry, Edmund," Mrs. Rauleigh murmured.

Mrs. Charteris had spruug up. "Are they dancing?" she said, approaching the long window opening into the drawing room.

"Will you dance?" asked Viviard McKim, looking at her.

"Not to-night, Eunice, please," said Edmund Charteris in a low aside. Eunice raised her voice distinctly.

"I will certainly dance," she said. "Mr. McKim, move those chairs away."

McKim turned to push away the obstructions that prevented her entering through the French window. Edmund Charteris had turned very pale. He caught his wife's arm.

"I beg you to come home with me, Eunice," he repeated.

She flashed her eyes round upon him.

"Why? Do you wish to make a scene in public?

She gathered up the train of her dress. The next moment she was whirling away on Viviard McKim's arm.

At the same instant Margaret Rauleigh touched her cousin's sleeve. The little cottage piazza was now deserted.

"What is it, Edmund?" she said softly.

"What has happened?"

The man was utterly beaten. He had borne the strain so long that the reaction had come. Margaret was his cousin. They had been playmates together. He had never quite understood her. She had always been a charming little creature in those days, but somewhat shy. They had played at love and marriage when they had been quite small. But when they had met again, before her acceptance of Rauleigh, and he had wanted to assume the same friendly, semi-familiar, semi-flirtatious attitude his near relationship seemed to admit of, she had drawn herself curiously away. She had struck him as having grown very sensitive and fastidious. However, he was not thinking of that now. He only remembered that he always had felt that his cousin, Margaret Rauleigh, was one of the women who could be true as steel. He dropped into a chair against the wall and bent his head in his hands.

"The matter is—ruin, Margaret," he said, hoarsely; "complete ruin, unless a stroke of luck I have no expectation of comes to my relief. I have staked too much on one die—and lost."

* * * *

Mrs. Rauleigh's guests had departed in laughing, chattering knots of two and three. Eunice Charteris had been one of the last to leave the drawing-room. When she stepped out upon the piazza she shot a quick glance about her.

"Has Edmund gone;" she demanded, brusquely.

"Some little time ago, Eunice," answered Margaret. gently. "He was not feeling very well, you know. Mr. McKim will take you back to your cottage, I am sure."

Eunice Charteris laughed.

"I don't doubt he will."

A faint flush crept up over Margaret's fair skin. She had asked herself many times whether she could continue to bear with the covert insult, the constant hostility, of her cousin's wife. But she never came back to the same thing. For Edmund's sake she would—she could. And not alone this would she bear or do for him, but much else.

As Eunice passed up the steps Margaret dropped her handkerchief. McKim, who was a little in the rear of Mrs. Charteris, stooped to pick it up. As he restored it Mrs. Rauleigh said, in a low voice:

"Will you come back after you have seen Mrs. Charteris home? I should like to speak to you a moment."

An enigmatic look, quickly checked, flashed from Viviard McKim's eyes. He bowed silently.

He was not long gone. When he returned the last sounds of revelry had died away from the beach. The night was given over to the moonlight and the low swashing of the sea. The lights in most of the cottages were out. But subdued rays whose from Mrs. Rauleigh's drawing-room was stirring in the light night wind. As he came up the steps Mrs. Rauleigh rose, and he saw then that she had been waiting for him on the piazza.

"I shall not apologize for troubling you at this late hour," she said. "You will understand that it is important. And—there is no time to lose."

She sat down again, and he took a seat opposite her in silence. She had thrown a bit of lace over her shoulders and bosom. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely. She had clasped her hands nervously together. And he noticed that she was trembling. Indeed, what she had to say was not easy. She knew the man opposite her would not help her by a word. She had never forgotten that he had been Margaret Rauleigh he had been in love with her, nor that after she had been a widow a year he had proposed to her and she had refused him. Her woman's instinct told her that he remembered as vividly at that moment as he ever did.

"It is about my cousin and his wife I wish to speak to you," she said at last, plunging in. "I am going to ask you to do two things."

"Yes? Ah?" She turned a little whiter under his dance. But she hurried on.

"There is nothing to be gained by evasive terms. My cousin is in great pecuniary difficulty. I cannot aid him at this moment. A year hence I could. I shall have additional property coming to me then. It is a great deal Mr. Charteris needs. But you are rich. I wish to know if you will lend me the sum that will avert a frightful catastrophe, allowing me the use of it for a year? Mr. Charteris may be on his feet again before then. In any case I am responsible. And the second thing"—she never paused, hastening to bring the words out as though they burned that she stopped—"and I never go on again—" the second thing is an appeal I wish to make to you about Mrs. Charteris. I do not know how much you admire her, of course." She faltered a little at this. Oh, how embarrassing it all was to say! "But"—she flushed crimson—"I think your admiration has caused trouble between Eunice and her husband. Oh, I know it is nothing; but—but—but she—seems to flaunt it in Edmund's face and—and—"

Poor Mrs. Rauleigh had broken down into pathetic incoherency.

Meanwhile Viviard McKim was sitting in absolute silence and immobility. When she stopped he shifted his position slightly.

"Then I am to understand that you wish me to make Mr. Charteris the loan of an indefinite sum—"

"Me! me! You make me the loan!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Mr. Charteris knows nothing—nothing—about my speaking to you!"

"And to discontinue paying Mrs. Charteris attentions! Is that it?"

An awfulness that he was laughing at her held her speechless. She sat mute.

"Do you suppose I am in love with Mrs. Charteris?" He leaned forward slightly.

"You know infinitely better than that," he presumed coolly. "And the proof is that you come to me in this way with such propositions. You know quite well that Mrs. Charteris is not in the very smallest danger of being won from her allegiance to her husband. She adores him. She simply affects to flirt with other men in order to stimulate his temperamental coldness to greater ardor. But Edmund Charteris is quite incapable of caring very much for any one. He is a cold fellow, and his emotional respects are an oyster. I never liked him. That you know perfectly well, too. And the reason was that you always have liked him, and that you would do for him made you refuse me two years ago. Oh, don't look at me in that way! Naturally you would put your right hand in the fire before you would consciously allow yourself to think of a man who was married to another woman. If you are not an angel there are no such things as women. But it is a sentimental feeling you have had for your cousin all these years, because you were juvenile sweethearts, possibly, then because he has been always good-looking fellow, with that sweet nature that always appeals to very feminine and good women; finally, now, because he has married an uncultivated, untrained woman who will make his life a hell for him, to end with her unreasoning exactions and jealousies, and who already, through her extravagance, has brought him into deep water, where he ought never to have waded and to the verge of ruin. But I am sure," and he paused as for emphasis, "that it is no more than a sentiment of such refined and exalted nature that you have had for him. You have never—never—given any man the love you have it in you to give. It is because I firmly believed this that I will a code to your wishes. I will lend you the money you require"—a smile of amusement went over her face—"and I will gladly promise never to speak to Mrs. Charteris again if you exact it, and I can do it without breaking my heart, too. But I shall make my own bargain in exchange. I have always meant to make my chance sooner or later. What do you suppose I have followed you up for year after year as I have done? I have loved you to distraction, and I have always meant that you should pay me in kind some day. My time seems to have come now. I will do both the things you desire for me to ask me to do to-night if you will marry me."

"What?"

"If you will marry me," he repeated distinctly.

She was turning white and red.

"This is not—it is not fair—"

"Oh, yes, it is," he reiterated, coolly. "Fair enough. Perfectly fair. I only want your promise. I will take it upon myself to see that you learn to care for me afterward. You needn't tell me that you never care. I shall believe you. Two years ago I did; but I've changed better. Your feeling about your cousin has never been more than the constancy of a shadow. I'm convinced of that. Well, now I want you to exchange the shadow of a feeling for the substance."

His words poured over her like a torrent. The ground, in her surprise, seemed to have slipped from under her feet. She made a feeble protesting motion.

"It is not generous of you to push me so—"

His face and voice changed. He rose. He looked down at her.

"No, it is not," he said; "not now. I will not press you further, Margaret—I will not even ask your hand in good night; but the bargain stands as I have made it." His eyes met her lovely startled orbs in the moonlight and he went down the cottage steps.

* * * *

Six months later a friend casually observed to Mrs. Edmund Charteris:

"I met your cousin, Mrs. Rauleigh that was, on her honeymoon journey."

"Ah!" very coldly. Mrs. Charteris turned the diamonds round upon her fingers. Since Edmund Charteris had gotten on his feet again Mrs. Edmund's diamonds were more numerous than ever.

The friend laughed.

"I never in my life saw two people more ridiculously in love with each other."

### There Were Between Six and Seven.

It was in an Ohio town, in that part of the State where most of the boys are called Hans and the girls Gretchen. There was a case in court, and the particular question at issue just then was the number of persons present when a certain event occurred. An honest but simple-minded German was on the stand. He had never taken an oath before, and was not a little disconcerted. The lawyer who conducted the cross-examination saw his opportunity, and badgered him with questions after the manner of his kind. "How many did you say there were present?" he shouted, bringing his fist down upon the table as though the fate of empires was trembling in the balance. "Well," meekly answered the witness, "off goure I gould not chust say; but I dinks dere vhas between six und sefen." "Tell the jury what you mean by that," roared the lawyer, getting red in the face; "how could there be between six and seven? Were there six or were there seven?" and he glared knowingly at the foreman. "Well," answered the witness, "maybe I vas wrong. There vas more as six, but dere was not so much as sefen. One vas a fery leetle poy." He was relieved from further cross-examination.

### A Tall Story from the West.

That most charming writer Charles Dudley Warner, in a delightful sketch of Southern California, entitled The Golden Hesperides, in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has the following tale of the richness of the Western soil:

There is nothing that will grow anywhere in the world—except, perhaps, certain great staples—that will not grow there in greater abundance and perfection: oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, nectarines, grapes, figs, almonds, olives, Madeira nuts, every edible vegetable known to woman—perhaps even grass might be raised by economical and excessive irrigation. Happening one night into the Pullman smoking-room, after days of travel through the Sahara wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, I chanced to hear fragments of a conversation between a man familiar with the region and a new-comer, who was evidently a little discouraged by the endless panorama of sand and dry sage brush.

"Anything grow along here?"

"Everything, sir, everything! the most productive soil on God Almighty's earth. All it wants is water."

"Fruits?"

"Fruits? I should say so. Every sort that's known. This country, right here, is going to beat the world in fruits."

"Melons?"

"Well, yes;" relapsing into candor and confession, "no; the fact is, melons don't do so well here. They ain't got to be good. The vines grow so fast that the melons are bumped along over the ground and bruised."

"Ah!" without any sign of surprise.

"Yes," without a smile, and with evident desire to keep back no part of the truth, even if it were an afterthought; "if you want to plant melons in this country you have to get on horseback."

### The Grave-Digger's Song.

The crab, the bullace, and the sloe.
They burgeon in the spring;
And when the west wind melts the snow,
The redstart build nest.
But Death's at work at rind and root,
And frees the green buds best;
And when the pairing musets mute,
He spares the empty nest.
Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown;
Close the coffin and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and sere without,
And while half plump remain
And juicy gourds are passed about,
And trickle down the chin;
When cease the reaper with his scythe,
And reaps and nothing leaves,
O, then it is that Death is blithe,
And sups among the sheaves.
Death! Death!
Lower the coffin and slip the cord;
Death is master of clown and lord.

When logs about the house are stacked,
And next year's hose are knit.
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
And faggots blaze and spit;
Death sits down in the ingle-nook.
Sits down and doth not speak;
But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm,
And she tingles in the cheek.
Death! Death!
Death is master of lord and clown;
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

### The Girls' Hard Time.

The girls are going to have a hard time of it this winter (says a writer in the New York *Star*), and the young married women will carry everything before them. Here are seven reasons why: First—The young married women are more beautiful than the girls, because by a simple law of nature the best-looking women are the best demand as wives. Second—The young married women are better dressed than the girls, because they have the infinite resources of a trousseau to draw from. Third—The young married women are more independent than the girls, because they have no chaperon to watch them, and their husbands are too fond of sit and smoke while they dance the german. Fourth—Young married women are more interesting than the girls, because they have taken a step which every fellow contemplates, and can give one points. Fifth—Young married women are better fun than the girls, because they have established teas and opera-boxes of their own, and can give invitations without asking mamma. Seventh—Young married women are more tantalizing than the girls, because they belong to other fellows. Given, then, that a woman is beautiful, well-dressed, independent, interesting, good and tantalizing, and we need go no further for the cause of her utter and complete success.

### A Lucky Trip.

"What have you been doing for a living lately?" asked a very tough looking citizen of a man who looked as if he might be a boon companion.

"Burglarizing."

"What was your last job?"

"I tackled the residence of a real estate agent last night."

"Have any luck?"

"Yes, first rate."

"What did you get?"

"I got away without buying a house and lot."

### She Knew Something Was the Matter.

Mrs. Pompano (time 3 a.m.)—Is that you, Adolphus?

Pompano—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Pompano (alarmed)—What makes you act so strangely?

Pompano—(with dignity)—I assure you, my dear, I have not touched a drop to-night. I am perfectly sober.

Mrs. Pompano—Oh, I see! I know something was the matter.—*Philadelphia Call.*

### The Genial Car Driver.

Smith—A new motor for increasing the speed of horse cars has been discovered.

Jones—Has it? Why, the horse cars don't need it up my way. All I have to do to increase the speed of the car is to signal the driver with my umbrella that I want to get on board.

### In Hard Luck.

She (to George, who is taking her out for a ride, and whose horse has balked): Don't be annoyed, George; we have patience, and he will move on presently.

He: Patience, my dear! Why I am paying for this measly animal by the hour.—*New York Sun.*

### The Result of Groping in the Dark.

Smith—Hello, Jones! you don't look very well this morning.

Jones—And I don't feel as well as I look. Got up in the middle of the night to take some pills and swallowed four collar-buttons before I found out my mistake.

### Makes no Difference.

The cigar factories in Havana are all closed, but the stock of Havana cigars is as abundant and cheap as ever, owing to the enterprise and foresight of this nation, by which it makes its own Havana cizars.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

### He Never Acted Better.

On Union Square:

Gilderoy—I met a party to-day, a brother actor by the way, whom I admire sincerely.

Mugger—Oh! for the love of Heaven! tell me who it was.

Gilderoy—Smith.

Mugger—Why, he's dead!

Gilderoy—Yes, I saw him in his coffin. What finish, what repose, what calm, what dignity! He never acted better.—*Philadelphia News.*

### At the Creditors' Meeting.

Bankrupt—Gentlemen, I must throw myself on your clemency. If two pin cushions and an embroidered hat-tip are any use to you, take them. I attended the church fair recently!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## The City's Gas Service.

In the "Around Town" article last week mention was made of the complaints of extortionate gas bills which are being heard on every hand. Grievances of this kind are sometimes considered as mere texts for newspaper articles in default of something better to write about. People are so used to having money extorted from them by corporations, and it is so frequent a thing for large companies, by taking advantage of their charter, to evade the conditions upon which it was granted, that complaint seems useless. In the matter of the dealings of the Consumers' Gas Company with the people of Toronto the point has been reached when, both for the sake of economy and self-respect, every customer should make it his business to find out for what he his paying and the value of the service he is receiving.

The increase in the gas bills is a fact; that we are receiving an inferior service and paying improper amounts cannot be denied.

The increase in the gas bills can be easily accounted for. Neither the pressure nor the quality is up to the standard, and the well-informed complainant will probably have this admitted if he inquires of the officials of the Gas Company. It is a fact that where three jets with proper service would light a room satisfactorily, under the present condition of things, five jets will not do it; and yet every time you turn on a jet, it matters not what the pressure is, the consumption, and registration in the meter increases with the additional jet. Therefore, the increase in the expense is two-fifths of the whole, without addition to the illumination. No remedy can be suggested—if the Gas Company find it impossible to provide the same quality of gas as heretofore—except a rebate of this percentage, which would be only fair to the consumer and nothing but honest on the part of the company.

By law they are compelled to furnish a quality which they are not furnishing. That they continue to charge the old prices under these circumstances is dishonest, and can be characterized in no milder terms than that they are robbing the consumers.

When the city taxes increase fifteen to twenty per cent., what a cry is there among the ratepayers! Why? Because they imagine they have the taxes under their own control, and believe that by persistent complaint and the punishment of those who have been extravagant their expenditure will be decreased. Why do they not exercise the same watchfulness over corporations over whom, in fact, they have much greater control? Large consumers of gas, by unjust treatment, can have extorted from them very much more money than is the result to them of extravagant municipal administration, and yet they grin and bear it because they think they have no remedy. If they would inquire they would find they have a remedy; that unless the charter has been granted under the most culpably careless conditions the service and the quality is thoroughly defined. If so, either by refusing to pay their gas bills or by bringing actions against the company they can compel them to observe the laws which they are now violating. This wealthy and arrogant corporation, which finds a difficulty in concealing its illegitimate dividends from the executive of the law, should not be permitted to increase their extortion. Rather should it be the aim of the citizen to take from them the unjust advantages which custom has so long permitted.

Last year Mayor Howland made a great ado about his success in forcing them to the sale of what is really watered stock—but what they called an extension of their capital—to admit the public as competitors. But what advantage does this mean to the consumer who every quarter has to trot into their office and pay them for a service that he thoroughly understands he has not received. It is not fair to ask the Mayor to protect the citizen from the consequences of his own lethargy, nor should the city's chief executive officer be forced to look after those who habitually show their incapacity for business by permitting an extortionate charge, which if attempted by a private individual would result in a refusal to settle and probably a law suit. If the citizens of Toronto have any spunk at all they will formulate a case and bring the Consumers' Gas Company up with a sharp jerk. If the Mayor can see his way to help them no doubt he will do it.

## Good Fellowship.

But a few days since the New York papers printed lengthy accounts of the life and death of a certain Mr. Frank Holman, the former recipient of a salary of $20,000 in New York, who came at last to the poor house, died a pauper and sleeps in a pauper's grave.

Holman was a type of the large army of generous livers and good fellows to be found in every great city. He made plenty of money, and spent it with a free and generous hand. While his bank account held out he had scores of friends, and was one of the most popular men around town. When his rainy day came, as sooner or later it comes to most of us, he was totally unprovided for wet weather, and the hundreds of men who had enjoyed his bounty in the days of his prosperity gave him the cold shoulder. Some of his old companions told the reporters anecdotes of him, and one of them said, "He never saved a penny, but he was a good fellow was Frank, and a universal favorite."

No doubt he was. The men who spend their money freely, who are liberal patrons of the bar-rooms, and whose last dollar is always at the disposal of a friend—these men are generally universal favorites, until their money and opportunities are gone. When this occurs the good fellow invariably discovers that his good-fellowship is not in such demand as before, and those who erstwhile flattered his wit and commended his every word and deed, are carrying their honeyed phrases to other markets. The good-fellow drops away from his accustomed haunts, to wind up as did poor Holman, or to seek a quicker judgment by committing suicide.

It is an old, old story this, but as the years roll by it loses none of its force. The moral of it is as pertinent to hundreds of men in Toronto to-day as it was a decade since. The city teems with the fawning sycophants who lick a man's hand till his last cent is gone and throw him to one side when he needs some return for the assistance he was always ready to give.

It may sound selfish but it is terribly true that the best fellow after all is the fellow who is good to himself and to those who look to him for the necessaries of life. He can make his home more comfortable and far happier by putting away something for the troubled future, and he will surely find some day that a few dollars will prove his best friend. It may seem nice to be called a good fellow and to be welcomed by every man-about-town, but experience goes to show that there is no money in it. The friends of the bar-room and the card table are fair weather friends. When the rainy season sets in, the good fellow will have to do his own hustling for waterproof and umbrella. Forethought and economy may not create good fellowship, but they will give self-respect, and the self-respecting man can always gain the esteem of good citizens.

## Prof. Proctor's Idea.

That eminent scientist, Prof. Richard A. Proctor, has recently given utterance to the idea that a man whose stature is not so great as he desires can increase it practically at will. He says: "I think we may fairly conclude from the evidence, imperfect though it is, that stature may be increased by judiciously selected food, and probably that lime should in one form or another be given in increased quantity in the food where growth is to be encouraged."

Coming from one of Prof. Proctor's standing, these words command attention. Heretofore the results of a good dinner have been somewhat limited. The diner has been able to increase considerably in girth that portion of his anatomy over which his waistcoat buttons, and by a happy combination of good food and good wines he may possibly have managed to cause a material increase in the dimensions of his head next day. But beyond these the achievements of the most accomplished cook have not gone, so far, at least, as is known to the people of this day and generation.

All this is to be changed. Chalk sandwiches for lunch, with oxide of calcium soup, and crushed sea shells for dinner will form an agreeable novelty in the ordinary bill of fare; while, instead of ices at evening entertainments, we may have pulverized egg shells with whipped cream or granulated crayons by way of variety. The professor's ideas open up a long list of novelties in cooking, and sound the death-knell of the dwarf. Always provided the professor has got hold of the right end of the stick, and that time alone can disclose.

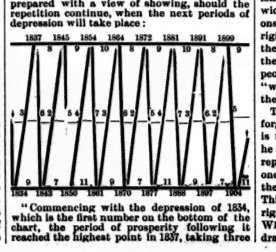
Joking apart, if there is anything in the eminent gentleman's ingenious theory it will prove a blessing to mankind, and we can grow up nations of tall, strong and sturdy men and women to rival the Titanic races of old. Life has had a great drawback so far, through the lack of some means of producing perfect physical development, but this bids fair to be all changed now.

## A Trade Barometer.

Four years ago I was in Ottawa attending the session, and while discussing, at the hotel where I was staying, the national debt and the probabilities of coming hard times in Canada, Fairbanks of Petrolia, member for one of the Lambtons, pulled a little pen-and-ink card out of his pocket and said he thought it was one of the cleverest things of the kind he had ever seen. An old American politician and prominent business man had given it to him some years before, alleging that its past indications were true in every detail. I copied it and printed it in the paper which I was then publishing. Turning over the fyles the other evening it met my eye, and in view of the complaints we are hearing of the stringency of the times and the fear that they are going to be worse, I examined it and found that in the chart, 1888 is shown to be the most depressed period since 1877. Without saying whether it is worth anything or not, and simply vouching for the age of the diagram and the respectability of its parentage, I give the whole article as it was published at the beginning of 1884, calling attention to the fact that the predictions in the second paragraph from the bottom have been thoroughly verified:

UNITED STATES TRADE CHART.

"The following diagram is useful in showing the periods of greatest prosperity and depression in the trade of the United States. It will be noticed that the numbers repeat themselves with strange regularity, and the chart has been prepared with a view of showing, should the repetition continue, when the next periods of depression will take place:




"Commencing with the depression of 1834, which is the first number on the bottom of the chart, the period of prosperity following it reached the highest point in 1837, taking three years to go from the lowest to the highest. This three years is marked on the middle line, which indicates the number of years taken in the rise and fall of values. From 1837 it took six years in descent, touching bottom in 1843, rising again in two years to the top in 1845. The second line of figures, 8, 9, 10; 8, 9, 10; 8, 9, 10, shows the number of years elapsing between the points at which average values were highest, and they repeat with great precision. The line of figures next to the bottom indicates the number of years elapsing between the lowest points values reached, and they also repeat with solemn regularity, thus, 9, 7, 11, and 9, 7, 11. The repetition in the center line of figures is also a repetition on a larger scale. After taking away the first 3 which is the termination of a period, it runs thus, 625, 473, 625, 473, 625, etc.

"According to this chart the United States had their most recent climax of values in 1881, and it will take seven years to reach bottom again. Now, it would thus appear we are half way down, and have four years more in which matters will grow worse before an up grade is reached.

"A large number of good business men place a great deal of reliance on the figures as given above, and the chart is given for what it is worth, as its compiler took great pains to gather from congressional reports and statistics and from the reports of boards of trade the facts and prognostications therein contained."—DON.

## Rev. Canon Dumoulin.

It is to be supposed that the curate who read the lessons at St. James' Cathedral last Sunday morning has insufficient sleep. I can conceive of nothing else which would so thoroughly saturate his voice with a desire to yawn. At no point in the lessons would it have been surprising had he put his hand over his mouth and indulged in a good whole-some yawn that might have been heard all over the building. I like to hear a service intoned, and even the affectation of Anglican reading is pleasant when it is well done, but it is irritating to hear an uncultured voice sing-songing through the lines without a vestige of feeling to break the monotony except a recurrent desire to yawn, and an unconceaded anxiety to reach the end. He may be, and no doubt he is, a worthy person, as the proxy by which the Canon visits the sick and afflicted, but he should not let his voice be lured into the frozen sleep of formalism, or some day the cathedral itself will yawn and be ruined.

Canon Dumoulin's face was not familiar to me. I have lived in Toronto a good many years now, but I can't say I ever before saw that thin face with its long, cleanly-shaven lips and cynical expression. In the "dim cathedral" light, or, rather, in the mixed side and rear lights in which the pulpit stands, it is hard to distinguish the expression of the eyes or finer lines, and in a different position I might have received a different impression, but as it was I did not like the face. Probably it was the cross lights that puzzled me, but I could not find earnest sincerity, warmth or any of those noble features which characterize the faces of leading preachers. Neither did these things shine out as he spoke, though their absence is less noticeable when his eloquent and highly cultured periods employ the ear.

"Know ye that Ramoth-in-Gilead is ours, and we be still and take it not out of the hand of the King of Syria."—I Kings 22—3.

This text was read in a loud, clear and ringing voice, which before the close of the sermon showed signs of breaking. So spake the King of Israel—or "Is-rile," as the Canon pronounces it in his super-Anglican—to Jehosaphat, King of Judah. Dilating on the stirring appeal of the speech: "Know ye that Ramoth-in-Gilead is ours!" he repeated with wonderful dramatic effect, "Ours! *Ours!* Ours!" And then the reproach: "And we be still and take it not out of the hand of the King of Syria!"

In the reiteration of that word "Ours!" and the magnificent elocution of the reproach, he portrayed in a moment the cause of a war, and gave the patriotic cry which led the two kings and their people out to battle with the hosts of Syria. At the same time, it seemed to me, he gave the key-note of his own character. He is a fighting priest, and that which he considers "ours" he is detained to have. While he spoke I could not but imagine another scene:—The vestry of St. James', time about four years ago; subject, the suit of Langtry vs. Dumoulin. How thoroughly appropriate it would have been at that time and place for him to have cried to the churchwardens: "Know ye that these rich lands and revenues are ours, and ye be still and see these other starving rectors come up and take them out of our hand!" Ours! *Ours!* Ours! Forsooth the text was well declaimed.

Adapting it to the missionary idea of the Epiphany-tide sermon, he said, "Know ye the world is ours!" God gave it to us, and paganism has no title to any part of it; neither has wickedness, the worship of Mammon, seditions, unholy combinations and conspiracies a right to any place in it. The world belongs to the universal church of God, and it should be to them—to all Christian people—as it was to the peoples of Judah and Israel—a reproach that "we be still and take it not out of the hand of the enemy!"

The Canon has a splendid voice which never forgets its rich Irish accent. In speaking there is more or less sting somewhere in whatever he says, and when he applies his truths he is reputed as not sparing his congregation. But one thing struck me very forcibly, and that is the distance between him and his hearers. This is not necessary, even amidst the most rigid formalism of the Episcopal church. When the preacher is in his pulpit he should draw near his people, and there should be a perceptible magnetic movement of the people toward him, which I feel sure never takes place at St. James'. If I am right in this I wonder Canon Dumoulin has been able to preach as well as he has. He has won a very high reputation as a preacher, and thoroughly deserves it. People like to listen to him, and are sure to hear something good, in which there will be no bad English, useless words or needless phrases. But the saving of souls is the paramount duty of his high calling, and how much of this is there in his loveless pastorate? How much influence has denunciatory eloquence with its stinging darts and sarcastic accent?

I doubt if out of the pulpit Canon Dumoulin exerts much influence. He must be of retiring disposition, and is exactly the sort of man to whom parochial duties are most distasteful. He is essentially a preacher, and no one can listen to him without respecting his forceful eloquence and original conceptions. He is the sort of a man who would be intensely powerful in preaching to a regiment about to go to war, and could stir up martial ardor to the fiercest fighting pitch. Yet he doubtless is the sort of militant clergyman who thinks he desires peace and retirement. Every pugnacious man sighs for peace, but can't bear it when it comes; like the busy merchant who longs for rest and cessation of business worries and is never content in retirement. Men of Canon Dumoulin's disposition and sensitive nature are continually at war with themselves, and feel it their duty to be pitching constantly and mightily into somebody else.

I do not pretend to analyze him, for he is a difficult man to understand. For instance, on Sunday he deplored the lethargy of the church in missionary and all spiritual matters and with a sigh of regret looked back at the days when poverty-stricken and persecuted it was such an aggressive power. Does he want to be a preacher doomed to poverty and persecution? It would not be hard to escape the enervating luxury of a rich living and find poverty and danger in the missionary field!

The average missionary sermon, even when as powerfully planned and delivered as was that of Canon Dumoulin, is a failure, because the preacher asks his hearers to make donations and abandon luxuries, while he himself is unwilling to make a like sacrifice. The strong missionary sermon is that preached by a self-denying missionary, and its effect is shown in the collection plate. It is useless to tell a church that wealth and luxury is choking the spirituality of the members when the laity can retort that it is silencing and enervating the clergy itself. I do not wish to seem hypercritical of the subject of this sketch, but I marvel that a man of such awakening power and possessing such denunciatory methods should not be at the head of some important aggressive and ascetic movement. He has the critical faculty almost unto bitterness, but seems to lack constructive energy. The circumstances of his appointment which made him a compromise between contending influences may have limited his usefulness, but an aggressive, earnest and pious man to whom the Master has given many talents, could not content himself with tying up his trust in a napkin and taking his ease. Is the grand old church which has done so much for the world and Protestantism, becoming choked by the weeds of wealthy idleness and luxury? If so, is it not true, that these weeds are growing rankest in the rectories and bishoprics, while the poor are seeking nearness to grace, sympathy, encouragement and inspiration in the chapels and behind the drums of the salvationists? I fear that if the story of Christ and Him crucified were never told except in cathedrals, Paganism would soon flourish where churches now adorn the earth and spires point up to God.

DON.

## The County Steeplechase.

Old Bayard dead! Ah! how that name brings back a glorious time,
When existence seem'd a poem, and my life a happy rhyme.
Wild leaps my very heart's blood at the mention of you day
When I, a stripling, mounted him,—a handsome compact bay,
His blood three-quarters warm, and blood is bound to tell,
Strong in the withers, well rib'd up; his limbs! sound as a bell,
And fit to run, though life itself were staked upon the race,
That day I cross'd the hog-skin in the County Steeplechase.

Nigh all the county swells were there. Stern Busfeild of the Grange,
(The scepired line may rise and fall—"ye Busfelds nevvre chevynge")
The Aylcough Yorkes, old Jack Stonehenge, the Master, from St. Ives,
With Lady Vi—the sweetest hostess, and the dons of houses, And one, oh! such is love, pass'd by in calm patrician pride,
Unconscious of me as I chatted by the squire's side;
And Cale's foul brand was near my heart, as, from her winsome face
Shot witching smiles on Reggie Vyne, my rival in love's race.

Sweet Audrey Leigh! a subtle charm, a nameless beauty thine,
Within the temple of thy life the Graces held their shrine,
To Vyne,—to me,—thy bearing seem'd calm friendship—nothing more,
Nor glance, nor tone, a preference to either lover bore,
If Reggie proudly took the *pas* at morning rides, or calls,
I held the fort when ev'ning's lay had flush'd the western walls;
If, when the tall elms lent their shade, Vyne was the lingering swain,
I shared with thee the moonlit hour that blanch'd the oriel pane.

Hark back! The race. "Open to all." Five pounds allow'd by jocks,
The largest field I'd ever seen,—'midst others (shade of Knox)
The Presbyterian, Papist, and—but why jot down the list
Of cracks which fretted for the word, 'neath spur and bridle-wrist;
I fear'd but one, a chestnut mare, her rider—Reggie Vyne—
A blaze of hatred from his eyes, a glance of scorn from mine—
Hate, bitter hatred, moved our hearts: Hush! Shame! forget not now
Afghanistan, his foe-stain'd sword, and Reggie's lead-torn brow.

Three false breaks, and the flag went down—a splendid start They said
"A sheet might cover all the lot." At first, I lost my head
Then settled calm possessed my nerves as Fagan forc'd the pace,
But first to leap is often last, at the finish of a race
And the Irishman, too eager, rose the colt a shade too fast,
Poor Shamrock! 'twas his maiden race—by Heav'ns! 'twas his last—
Too low his jump, both forelegs smash'd, and Fagan left for dead,
As Vyne, and I, shot past—the chestnut leading by a head.

The Dustman made strong running next across the level plain,
But the pace, too hot, brought the gelding back to his field again,
Now, bunched together on the sward, now, side by side, we spur'd
Straight at the water-jump, and then "Spread eagle" was the word,
Splash! Splash! went half a score, 'midst laughter close allied to tears,
And the voice of many waters sang loud in *diverse* ears,
And to my a stately hunting hat from muddy horror rose
Like to a concertina when the latter's in repose.

The red-beck saw The Warbler and Mayflower come to grief;
A reaper bowl'd out Sunshine, and the filly Maple Leaf,
Sappho and Phaon broke their hearts in unavailing toil,
Hopeless the gap that fill'd their lungs with dust from Aberfoyle,
Old Cyclone found his Waterloo, as also Chanticleer,
In found'ring through the heavy soil, where clay lands woo the mere,
And Charlie Drew, on Primrose, came an awful cropper, which
Left stumbling Primrose riderless, and Charlie in the ditch.

No thought for helpless Friendship's woe, a hurried, lightning glance
Shav'd me the field was beaten and the chestnut in advance;
But Bayard's blood was up and (no time was this to spare the steel)
Flew like an arrow to the front, at the pressure of my heel,
Aye! till we saw the Bullfinch frown athwart the level mead,
He gave the mare a burster there, that taxed her utmost speed,
And then I nurs'd him for awhile, and smil'd as Vyne went past,
Leaving a easy passage for me where the brambles crash'd.

He led at the fences and rails, oh grandly he took them all,
But Fear is known to Valour, and the maze refused the wall;
Thrice Vyne essayed to make the leap, thrice was he held in check,
"Pounded, by Jove! at last," I thought—and slashing Bayard's neck,
The crimson dripping from his flanks, I rush'd him at the wall;
Oh, heavens! he rear'd, and backward slipp'd—borne with him in the fall,
A thousand stars flashed on my eyes—my arm was rack'd with pain,
But in a moment I was up and in my seat again.

Easier to bear a shatter'd arm, than brook yon sneering smile,
Worn by my rival as he topped the stone in gallant style,
Up! Up! and On! were the pale horse and rider both ahead,
Nobly the masonry was cleared, and Bayard onward sped;
Sped on! the chestnut's quarter passed; sped on! lock'd level now,
Spurn'd was the furrowed line that mark'd the passage off the plough.

On! swept the chestnut! On! the bay! steel gored and flaked with foam;
Pass'd, pass'd, the wattle, brook, and then we flogg'd and spur'd for home.

Dead level up the straight we raced. Flog as he would, the bay,
A trifle dickey from his fall, was there and bound to stay.
On! On! we came, a wave of hats!—a hurricane of cheers,
Mad offspring of a thousand lungs, assail'd our startled ears,
And, nerved afresh, my noble horse, Bayard in name and deed,
Nerv'd him to show the crowd that last terrific burst of speed,
And one great shout, one awful yell, which might have roused the dead,
Told me the mare was beaten, and the bay had won by a head.

Cheerily rang the Master's voice, as he grasp'd my dexter hand,
And how they cheer'd brave Bayard, as we paced before "the stand."
"Handsomely ridden, my own dear boy," was all the old squire said,
But never a word or glance had I—save for one shapely head,
Nor gave my bridle-arm a thought, until I swerv'd and fell;
But, ere I swoon'd, oh heart of mine, can words thy rapture tell?
For by yon glance, yon love-lit glance, that flush'd her lovely face,
I had won, I *knew*, a dearer prize than the County Steeplechase.

—H. K. COCKIN.

## The Purest Gift.

She gathered the reddest rosebud
That flashed in the sunny grove;
"Tell him," she whispered softly,
For the speech of the rose is love.

She gathered the fairest lily
That dropped from its silken sheath;
She smiled on the lovely flower
For it is the type of faith.

She gathered amid the blossoms
That lit the dark, cool grot
The brightest of the starry eyes,
That gleam "forget-me-not."

She gathered a spray of rosemary,
She gathered a sprig of yew;
"If grief must blend in our bond," she said,
"We will have memory, too."

She gathered the purple heartease,
She kissed its glowing breast;
"Yours is the purest gift," she said,
"For the man that I love the best."

## The Secret.

I have a fancy: how shall I bring it
Home to all mortals wherever they be?
Say it or sing it? Shout it or whisper it,
So it may outrun and oustly Mis,
Marest cocoon-web whence it broke free?

Only one secret can save from disaster,
Only one magic is that of the Master:
Set it to music; give it a tune—
Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze brings you,
Tune that the columbines danced in June!

This is the secret: so simple, you see!
Easy as loving, easy as kissing,
Easy as—well, let me ponder—as missing,
Known, since the world was, by scarce two or three.

## Song.

"Had I wist,"
Quoth Spring to the Swallow,
"That Earth could forget me, kissed
By Summer, and lured me to follow
Down ways that I knew not, not I,
My heart should have waxed not high,
Midmarch would have seen me die—
Had I wist!"

"Had I wist,
O Spring," said the Swallow,
"That Hope was a sunlit mist,
And the faint light heart of it hollow,
The woods had not heard me sing,
Thy winds had not known my wing,
It had faltered ere thine did, Spring—
Had I wist!"

—*Swinburne's Locrine*

## Here and There.

If we have no distinctively Canadian type of character, we have the prettiest girls, the biggest and best five cent weekly published in the world, and the freshest boys that ever ground their heels into this mundane sphere. The boy of to-day is being brought up in a bad school. He is young and smart and thinks it manly to smoke and drink. He has no veneration for age and no respect for his mother's sex. His schools are the saloon and the billiard hall and his companions and friends are the sort of people who can only make the world better by getting out of it. His education makes him vicious and corrupt, and will never turn him out one of the honest, sterling, manly men who live to make happy homes, hallowed by the ennobling influence and the love of pure, good women, and brightened by the glad voices and happy faces of the olive branches that come to bless them.

* * *

The trouble with you, my son, is that you're too fresh. You are as unsalted as a new-laid egg and there is a previousness about you particularly galling, which should be productive of a vigorous application of shoe leather. You disturb the eternal fitness of things with your toothpick shoes, your big cigars, your loud clothes and your tilted hats. You are skipping along a path generally conceded to lead to an elderly gentleman of peculiar tastes to whom popular fancy ascribes a long tail, a cloven hoof and a pair of horns. You are not sowing wild oats because you are too young to sow wild oats, but you're laying the foundation of a wrecked, diseased and miserable existence. You will have a bent back, a pale and pain-scarred face and a nervous system that will make your life an earthly hell, by the time you should be in the very prime of your existence. That's what you'll do, and I want to know if you don't think it's worth your while to sit severely on yourself to the end that you may brace up for better things!

* * *

For it is pitiable and terrible to look back on a wasted life. The might-have-beens are always the bitterest memories, but they are not so bitter to the man who has honestly tried to achieve great results and who has failed, not through any fault of his own, but because he had not that ability which would have made his endeavors successful. But if we cannot all be great we can all be good, and no good life is wasted, no matter how limited its sphere. We can be honest and kindly in word and deed, we can help the poor and the afflicted, we can make happier our own lives and the lives of those about us by being kindly, helpful and sympathetic, by cheering up those whose lot is cast in less pleasant places than our own, and whose hearts are torn by the whips and scorns of time. It only requires the exercise of a little humanity—a little charity of heart and grace of deed, and when the last card is played in your life's game, your memory will always be fresh and green in the hearts of those your presence here made happier. If we only brought more of this spirit into life this world would be a better world and life itself would be a greater blessing than it is to most of us. I don't want to say a word to keep down healthy ambition. I want to see a man aim high and work hard, and, if he's got it in him, he's sure to "get there," as they say on the streets, but there is no earthly reason, whether he succeeds or not, why he shouldn't carry a smiling face and make the faces of those about him reflect some of his general joyfulness.

* * *

You see, son, you are learning bad habits that will stick to you in the years to come, when you will realize your folly and strive to free yourself from the chains that bind you. You can be honest and sturdy and manly, loving and reverencing your parents, without being a milk-sop or a molly-coddle. By-and-bye when you get older and have more strength of mind and character you can, if you like, sow your wild oats, and my own impression is that afterwards you will be all the better for the sowing. If I had a boy like you I would eternally hate to see him grow to manhood without looking on life's undercurrent, but I would do my best to keep him from it until he had reached discretion's years. If I didn't he would be fresh, my son, like you; and it would grieve his old dad's heart to see his offspring floating around adorned with that halo of newness of which you seem so proud. I fancy his old dad would be strongly tempted to exercise his parental authority and a cane. You are sailing a pretty ricketty canoe, son, and the water isn't any too smooth. Look out that you don't get shipwrecked.

* * *

But you are not altogether responsible for your Smart Aleckness, my son, although you are for a good deal of it. If your parents had shown a little more love for you, had taken a deeper interest in you, your companions and your pursuits, had done more to make your home life happy and attractive, I think I would not see so much of you on the streets and in the saloons. I know how your young heart has swelled indignantly time and time again at the lack of interest taken in you by your parents, at the snubbings which greeted your boyish fancies, and the snarling, unsympathetic words hurled at your head. I know how you have been crushed by gruff tones, and chilled and hurt by sour looks and frowning faces. I know all this, my son, and I sympathize with you in having such a cheerless and unhappy home. But you should brace up, struggle all the harder and take the lesson to your heart, so that when you have a home of your own, you can make some woman's heart as glad and bright as a ray of summer sunshine, and your children as happy and contented as the song birds in the green trees. And people will think more of you, too. You may not gain the esteem and confidence of other young saloonatics, but you will get what is infinitely preferable—the respect and good will of honest men and honest women, and—yourself.

* * *

Mr. J. Theo. Robinson of Montreal has sent me a handsomely printed and elaborately bound volume of poems, by Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea). The author's name is quite familiar to me, but I cannot recall now when or where I have seen it, nor do I recollect reading elsewhere any of her verses, which, on the whole, are quite bad. In places they are faulty in their purely metrical construction, and betray little real poetry. The best verse in the book is the quatrain Charity:

> Thou askest not to know the creed,
> The rank, or name is naught to thee,
> Where'er the human heart cries "help!"
> Thy kingdom is, O Charity.

The spectacle of a human heart crying for help is, I presume, a bit of poetic license which we must not criticise too closely. All the same it is decidedly unique, and if I had a human heart in the habit of crying for help, I think I would open up negotiations with the estimable Mr. Phineas T. Barnum, who would probably be able to utilize it. The rest of Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea's) verses run too much in the commonplace, ding-dong strain of

> Te rumty tum, te rumty tum,
> Te rumty tum, te tum,
> Te rumty tum, te rumty tum,
> Te rumty tum, te tum,

which may be pretty enough with some writers, but which, in this particular instance, is as monotonous as a restaurant bill of fare. Nor is Mary Morgan (Gowan Lea) at all times accurate. For instance, in The World's Teachers: an impromptu, she describes a dimly-lighted chamber, hung with crimson and with gold, in which portraits of the grand old masters are hanging on the wall looking down upon us all, and she writes:

> "Michael Angelo and Turner,
> Raphael and Socrates,
> Mozart, Byron—all the poets—
> O that ours were days like these!"

Never having been personally acquainted with Messrs. Turner, Raphael, Socrates and Mozart, I do not wish to be taken as a final authority, but my impression is that none of the boys ever went in for verse-writing. Then why should they be bunched as "all the poets," unless it is that Angelo's sonnets and the mantle of Byronic genius cover them all. Then, what does that last line mean? Does "days like these" refer to the days of Socrates or the days of Turner? The difference between the two is wide and great. I would advise the gifted author to steer clear of writing impromptu verses in future. Such impromptu verses as these have a tendency to land people in impromptu graves.

* * *

The *Dramatic World* and *Sporting Record* which came in with rubbers on a fortnight back has been nipped in the bud. It lasted one consecutive issue. Then the snow storm came. It was just as I predicted—the paper didn't catch on, and in this mixed Canadian community I don't see how anyone could expect it to. The elaborate heading with the speaking likeness of Shakespeare on it is for sale cheap.

## On a Car.

I know that Seaton village is situated at the end of the street car line, the cars on which bear the legend:

SEATON VILLAGE
VIA SPADINA AVENUE,

but more than this I know not. I have never visited that pastoral spot, nor am I anxious to do so if all the people in it are like the bucolic specimens I met the other morning. They were on the car when I got on, and I fancied they were lovers from the fact that whatever he said she laughed at, and whatever she said he laughed at. Thus:

She (putting her hand up to push in a refractory hair pin)—I wish men wore back hair.

He—Te-hee! Gawsh, I don't.

She—Te-hee! Why?

He—Oh, 'cause.

She—'Cause what?

He—Te-hee!

She—Well, they should wear long hair anyhow.

He—Te-hee!

She—Don't you think so?

He—Gawsh no, Look silly.

She—Te-hee! Does it look silly on me?

He (adoringly)—Te-hee! O, gawsh no! Yerra woman.

She (resignedly)—Yes.

He (attempting to seize her hand sub rosa)—All women ain't like you!

She—Te-hee! I should hope not.

He—Te-hee! I should hope not, too.

She (coldly repulsing him)—Now, what do you mean by that?

He (ardently)—Te-hee! Because I'd have to love you all if they were.

She—Te-hee-te-hee!! O, George, how can you? The people will hear you. Let go my hand this instant.

He—Te-hee! Gawsh!

Silence. Then presently in a stage whisper:

"George!"

"Yes!"

"Don't."

"Why?"

"Because."

"'Cos *wot?*"

"Because" (getting red in the face) "there's a corn on my little toe and you hurt it when you step on it that way."

"Gawsh!"

George ejaculates this, blushing violently and shoving his big feet ostentatiously out in the middle of the car. There is silence for a time during which they gaze at one another and out of the car windows, but presently George speaks:

"Long way down town ain't it?"

"Te-hee! ain't it?"

He (adoringly)—Wish I was you!

She—Te-hee! Why?

He—Te-hee! O 'cos.

She—Te-hee! Why 'cos.

He—Te-hee! O I dunno.

She—Aw, you do too.

He—Don't.

She—Yes, you do. (Shyly)—Wish I was you.

He—Te-hee! Why?

She—Te-hee! Jeafer fun.

He—Gawsh!

At this interesting stage of the conversation a fellow I knew climbed on the back platform and I skipped out to smoke a matutinal cigar.

SPIFF.

## THE STAGE

I have been trying to discover all week what McKenna's Flirtation is about. Manager Sheppard don't know, and I don't think anybody else does. It is one of these peculiar double-back-action performances that can, if necessary, begin at the end and finish in the middle, or begin in the middle and finish at the beginning, or begin anywhere and end anywhere, without in any way interfering with plot or incident. McKenna's Flirtation has a plot, but it is so extremely stupid and so idiotically silly that I have been wondering how presumably sensible men could have nerve enough to inflict it on the public, and I doubt very much if anyone could be found, apart from the estimable Mr. Billy Barry and the classical and clingful Mr. Hugh Fay, with sufficient impertinence to ask the public to pay for seeing such sublime rot, more especially when presented by such a rank company as Barry and Fay have gathered around them. Muldoon's Picnic was bad enough, but McKenna's Flirtation is immeasurably worse. My own impression is that it is run in the interests of some undertakers' association, for its free and untrammelled career is liable to cause suffering, misery and death.

*

Barry and Fay are clever themselves and Miss Jennie Williams betrays some ability, but apart from these three the company is as great a congregation of cordwood as it has ever been my misfortune to look at. Miss Williams does a peculiar dance in the second act which is indelicate enough to border on the indecent, and I would advise the young woman to show more discretion in the manner in which she whirls her skirts and reveals her not particularly graceful nether extremities. The suggestiveness of the proceeding is very apparent, and is not at all palatable to those who do not care to witness theatrical performances which savor of the slums.

*

I have always liked George Learock's acting. I first saw him some years since in Hamilton, where he joined Rhea. The company gave a performance at the insane asylum for the delectation of its inmates, and Learock and I drove up together. He recited Bernardo Del Carpio with such pathos that he wooed the lunatics to tears. He told me afterwards that the audience was one of the most sympathetic and appreciative he had ever appeared before, and expressed the idea that lunatics have more discernment and a greater appreciation of good acting than people who are commonly supposed to be in their right mind, a statement which I accepted with some degree of scepticism. However that may be, he wore his clustering black hair banged over his eyes with the same easy grace and abandon which characterize him to-day; and when I saw the Hyperion waves about his brow at the Toronto Opera House the other night, it brought back to me our drive through the frosty air, the click-click of the horses' hoofs on the frozen road and his quaint conceit that lunatics have more appreciation for the delineation of human emotions than have ordinary human beings.

*

Mr. Learock's work in Beacon Lights is powerful, easy and natural. He has a strong character to portray and he does it with quiet intensity, rounding it off with those touches of realism in gesture, movement and facial expression which show the capable and conscientious artist. A weakness in his acting while disguised as an Italian is pardonable, on account of his uniform excellence otherwise. As for the play itself I don't like it. It is highly sensational and has the same element of probability in it as have some of the charmingly pathetic fairy tales of the late Mr. Hans Christian Anderson. There are a number of strong dramatic situations in it, and—I was nearly forgetting it—some comedy scenes as well. The comedy element is mainly contributed by Col. Clay Calhoun and Soapy Smiles. In one scene these two individuals are conversing when the Colonel suddenly discovers that he has a towel about his head, just why nobody knows or cares. He takes the towel off and hands it to Soapy. Says Soapy:

"I don't want it."

"Oh take it."

"Why?"

"Because towels always go with soap!"

And this is comedy. I heard a man laugh at it the other night, and an usher came down and touched him on the arm.

"What's the matter?" asked the man.

"Matter enough," was the reply. "You laughed just now, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Well, don't do it again. This is no time for laughter. Let us rather shed tears."

*

The company is not particularly good. Little Gracie Emmett, who, by the way, is rapidly losing her slenderness of form in the layers of flesh which have come with advancing years, is bright and clever as usual, but apart from her the players run from the indifferent to the bad.

Mr. J. Hay Cossar's Will Dawson is a magnificent piece of artistic ranting and stilted bravado, a what-ho-my-merry-men-come-hither-or-I'll-stab-the-in-the-heart sort of character which gives Mr. Cossar an admirable chance to get in a square meal on the scenery. Miss Emma Hinckley's Myra Haynes is mournful and tiresome. She endeavors to put so much force in her work that she becomes simply ridiculous.

*

I am sorry to see Mr. Learock wasting his talents on Beacon Lights. He is far too good an actor for the play.

*

Kate Claxton will begin a short season at the Grand to-night (I am writing this on Thursday), and as the forms go to press this afternoon, I am barred out of noticing the performance this week, in this column at any rate.

*

All next week Ada Gray in East Lynne will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House. Miss Gray has played Mme. Vine goodness knows how many times now, and has made more women cry by her acting than any one I know of. The last time she was here I stood near the orchestra and counted 113 women weeping bitterly. The *Frisco Call* casually observes: Miss Gray is possessed of a fine commanding appearance. In her manner she is fascinating in the highest degree; her acting is of a superior order, and her delivery is clear and distinct. The grand climax was reached when Miss Gray portrayed the gradual but severe changes from sanity to madness. She held the audience spell-bound; and when she dropped, apparently exhausted, on the stage, and the curtain fell, a sigh of relief was gasped forth by many a one among those who had witnessed her acting.

*

The Harmony Club's entertainment in the Grand Opera House Monday evening promises to be a great success. The performance will begin with A Cup of Tea, in which Mr. E. C. Rutherford will appear in his amusing and original character of Scroggins, Mr. Townsend as Sir Charles Seymour, Mr. Dunstan as Joseph, and Miss Robinson as Lady Clara Seymour. This comedietta will be followed by the comic drama My Daughter's Debut, in which Mr. Townsend will resume his powerful part of Dufard. The rest of the characters will be as follows: Hon. Bertie Fitzdargle, Mr. E. C. Rutherford; Mr. Parnassus, Mr. Geo. Dunstan; Mr. Flat, Mr. W. J. Baines; Mr. Vamp, Mr. F. Luoss-Bird; Miss Rose, Draford's daughter, Mrs. Townsend, and Miss E. Shanly as Arabella Fitz Jones, the actress. Between these plays there will be a song by one of Toronto's best vocalists, and Miss Robinson has kindly consented to introduce a song in connection with The Cup of Tea. The box plan opened yesterday.

*

What I said last week about stage kissing caused a whole car load of talk in theatrical circles here. One of the "lollas" in McKenna's Flirtation—whatever a "lolla" may be—said to me, while she shook her golden curls and arranged her lips into a delightful pout, "Such kisses are not worth having. In fact, they are nothing more nor less than a hideous parody on the genuine article."

*

A Paris correspondent writes that he has seen an order sent to Ballet Master Ambrosetti by the Khedive of Egypt for a ballet to be delivered at once in Cairo. The conditions named by the Princely Governor of Egypt, the lieutenant of the Sultan, are quite appropriate for an epicure, but remarkably exacting for a ballet. His Majesty requires that no coryphee shall be under fifteen nor over thirty years of age, that they must be beautiful, all excepting the premiere danseuse; she is imported for art's sake, the young ladies of the company are imported for man's sake. The requirements are iron-clad and call for attention to the smallest details. The form must be as nearly perfect as it is possible, the foot small and slender, the calf of limbs must measure fifteen inches in circumference; the arm and neck must be plump and shapely; the dress must be cut in the greatest saving of material. Incidentally, the assurance is given that the girls, if they wish, may find room and board in a French pension where they will be surrounded by the happy influences of their own Parisian society and return to their mas in the primitive condition of purity they may be in when leaving their native city.

*

The world is small, after all. Mrs. McKee Rankin, who was here last week, was the original Henriette in the Two Orphans, and Kate Claxton, who is here this week, was the original Louise when the drama was first produced in America at the Union Square theater, New York. Time has hurled them wide apart since then, and now they are chasing around the country at each other's heels.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Madame Janauschek, the well-known actress, brought suit against Henry Bull, jr., proprietor of the Perry Hotel, Newport, R. I., Jan. 4, for $20,000 damages for injuries sustained by falling from an unlighted stairway in the hotel on May 17 last. The jury awarded her $12,000.

Sarah Bernhardt is just now mourning the loss of her tame tiger, which died in her arms the other day in Paris, of gastritis, after suffering, as Sarah expressed it to a visitor who paid her a visit of condolence, "eight hours of excruciating agony." The tiger, it will be remembered, was Bernhardt's inseparable companion on her last tour in America.

A prominent theatrical manager was heard to say that there are many reasons for people to hiss in the theaters. "One man hisses out of resentment to the author, a second out of dislike for the house, a third out of dislike to the actor, a fourth out of dislike to the play, a fifth for the joke's sake, a sixth to keep the rest company and the play is damned."

That inveterate joker, Sothern, had made an appointment with Toole to dine at a well-known restaurant; the hour of meeting was fixed, and Sothern arrived somewhat before the appointed time. An old gentleman was dining at a table at some little distance from that prepared for the two actors. He was reading the paper, which he had comfortably arranged before him, as he was eating his dinner. Sothern walked up to him, and, striking him a smart blow between the shoulders, said: "Hullo, old fellow, who would have thought of your dining here? I thought you never——" The assaulted diner turned angrily round, when Sothern exclaimed: "I beg you a thousand pardons, sir! I thought you were an old friend of mine—a family man—whom I never expected to see here. I hope you will pardon me." The old gentleman growled a reply and Sothern returned to his table, where he was presently joined by Toole, to whom he said: "See that old boy? I'll bet you half a crown you daren't go and give him a slap on the back and pretend you have mistaken him for a friend." "Done," said Toole, and done it was immediately, with a result that must be imagined, for it was indescribable.

## Singers of Sacred Song.

The new arrangements which the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT have made for the drawing and engraving of portraits and sketches, are proving most satisfactory, and the faces of the church choir singers mirrored in this column this week are by long odds the best of the series. The likenesses are excellent, and the artist's touch is crisp, clean, exquisitely delicate and finished. This portrait work is admitted to be superior to anything of the kind previously attempted in Canadian publications; and that is what the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT are always endeavoring to give its patrons. In response to the request contained in last week's paper, a number of portraits have been sent in, and the editor will be pleased to receive others without limit.

MRS. FIDGE.

The three ladies whose portraits are printed this week, all belong to the choir of the Bond street Congregational church, where they have been trained and kept, the former because the leader prefers training his own singers to recruiting from other churches, and the latter because the Bond street choir is a pleasant choir to be in, and those who once enroll themselves in its ranks are loth to leave it. Mrs.

MISS ADA TOTTERDALE.

Fidge, nee Miss Calvert, is a gracefully formed and prepossessing lady, and the blonde proprietor of a light soprano voice, pure, sweet and pleasant. She has been in the choir about six years. Miss Ada Totterdale is a decidedly pretty brunette. She has been in the choir about six years. She has a full soprano voice and is undoubtedly quite competent to do solo singing, but though she has had numerous opportunities to do so, she has not taken advantage of them, mainly through diffidence

MISS GRAHAM.

or modesty, or whatever the feeling may be properly called that restrains people from seeking publicity. Miss Annie Graham is also a soprano singer. She is rather inclined to be a blonde. Has been in the choir about two years and is a favorite with all who know her. The choir of the Bond street church is particularly rich in attractive lady members, and in a subsequent issue SATURDAY NIGHT will picture some more of those who raise sweet voices in Hosannas to the King.

# WIDOWER JONES.

**A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."**

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

*Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CONSIDERABLE VAGUE SUSPICION.

Israel, comiag to the house almost at the beginning of the conversation between Hopeand his father, had made no noise as he walked over the short, soft grass, and seating himself on the stoop he heard voices, lazily listened, grew interested, and with slow-working brain followed the dialogue without thought of making his presence known until Hope told the Deacon to release her. Israel started then to rise, but hearing no more complaint remained seated until poor Hope's pitiful wail and the sound of her fall made him rush into the house to her rescue. He found the Deacon raising the prostrate girl, and without a word he took her from his father's arms, pushed the old man aside, carried her into the sitting-room, and tenderly laid her on the bed in the alcove where his mother used to sleep.

The Deacon had rushed after water, and Israel took the basin from him and would not let his father come near the bed. The old man saw the strange expression on Israel's dull face and wondered how much he had heard, or if that look of frightened horror was caused by the excitement or a suspicion that something was wrong. He was afraid to ask, and as Israel showed no further signs of knowing anything more than that Hope fainted and fell, the Deacon began to explain the circumstances when his son cut him short:

"Git more water; she hain't coming to!"

The old man, rushing out into the kitchen, ran against Lou and Begsie, and at once hastily undertook to explain to them, but Israel ran out shouting:

"She's a-dying in there!" This again stopped his father's tongue, and the old man, leaving another basin, ran to the pump, crying as he returned, so Israel and the girls could hear him:

"Poor critter! What KIN be the matter of her?"

Bessie's sharp eyes caught Israel's strange expression as he glared up at his father, and she noticed, too, that her brother spoke so deferential—spoke sharply to his father, and told him "to dry up his noise!" But the general alarm over Hope's long spell of unconsciousness made conversation impossible and shielded the half-distraught Deacon from comment.

When she regained sensibility poor Hope gazed wildly about her and seemed unable to recognize her surroundings. Slowly the scene with the Deacon, his loathsome advances and brutal revelations, came back to her, and in her weakness and despair she began to cry. Bessie strove to comfort her, but without avail. When Israel and the Deacon went out of the room Lou begged Hope to say what was wrong, but Bessie's honest nature, revolting against the idea of taking advantage of weakness, rebuked her sister's curiosity and begged Hope to rest and say nothing. Hope's look of thankfulness assured Bessie that she wanted no confidants, and so the fainting fit and the sad face of the Deacon's ward remained unexplained. Hope tried to resume her former demeanor, but with poor success, and the household recognized not only her effort but her failure as well.

The Deacon, in his calmer moments and in Hope's presence, explained next morning at breakfast that he was speaking to his ward on family and business matters when she suddenly and unaccountably fell in a swoon. Hope said she was sorry she had caused so much disturbance and so great anxiety, and Israel choked when trying to swallow a piece of meat and hastily left the table and went to the barn, forgetting to come back after the rest of his breakfast.

"I wonder what's the matter with Hope?" Lou inquired one day of Bessie.

Bessie was not in a confidential mood, and guessed it was none of her business.

On Sunday they all went to church and stopped at Uncle Abe Gaylor's for dinner.

"Bub" Gaylor giggled when he saw them drive in, and instantly confided in Danny Boy Jones that his mother, was also staying for dinner, the substance of the interview he overheard in the barn between his father and the Deacon; when the latter confided in the former his hopes with regard to winning Hope Campton for his second wife. The two boys laughed over it and then went and stared at the Deacon and laughed some more.

Danny, while waiting for dinner, related the whole thing to his mother, who, by the way, was the stout wheezy lady who acted as delineator at Mrs. Jones' funeral

# FOR TWENTY YEARS:

## A Story of Love and Life in England.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

*Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

What had she done! Had she really harmed George by the way she had spoken, or would Jim have given evidence against him all the same, even if she had promised to marry him! She knew there was no love lost between them. She knew Morton was vindictive and deceitful, and whilst this knowledge made her fear for George, it yet caused her to believe that had she answered Jim Morton more kindly, more as he would have wished, he would not have altered his intentions nor spared George for her sake.

The days that followed were full of grief and dread, and at length the day for the trial dawned.

The court was crammed. There was hardly standing room, and every seat was filled. Never in the remembrance of any one about the court had there been such a gathering. Never had such interest in a case been manifested by the people, high and low. Even the judge seemed impressed with the sight of the closely-packed court; the jury looked graver and more anxious than usual; and the law officer, counsel and attorneys seemed, unusually earnest and business-like.

Nothing was being talked of in the town but the trial, and various were the opinions expressed as to the guilt of the prisoners, but especially of George Yorke.

He was the person around whom all the interest centred. He was well known, and had always been highly respected, and his part in the affair excited the astonishment even of the few he could reckon amongst his foes.

There was a profound silence in the court as the prisoners entered; then arose a low hum of awe-struck voices, and George became conscious that the eyes of the hundreds in court were fixed upon him.

It was a terrible sensation, and a shiver passed over him.

A year ago, how he would have laughed had anyone foretold to him that he would find himself, ere twelve months had passed, in such a situation! The few weeks that he had passed in prison had made a great change in George. He had grown thin and pale, his eyes had acquired a wild, dreamy expression, and his mouth had become hard and stern. It was difficult to recognize in the emaciated form and drawn worn features of the prisoner, Bonnie George Yorke, the pride of the county.

He listened stolidly to the evidence against him at first, hardly seeming to understand its meaning and purpose. He heard witness after witness examined and cross-examined as to his presence in the wood with a sort of feverish impatience. He had never denied being in the wood. Why did they ask so many questions about it?

But when Jim Morton was called and stood up in the witness-box, George aroused himself, and became like a different being. His sunken eyes gleamed brightly; there was a flush on his hollow cheek, and his pale lips parted. He clutched the edge of the dock, and looked fixedly at his accuser.

Jim Morton seemed uneasy under his glance, and turned his back towards him as much as possible, to avoid his eyes, but George continued to gaze at him, and as Jim continued his evidence, the prisoner's excitement grew uncontrollable.

"It's a lie!" he shouted at last, as Jim Morton, in a faltering tone, without any of the bravado that had characterized him when he began his evidence, asserted that George had fired the shot that laid poor Tom Winch low.

There was a loud murmur in the court, as George's words fell on the ears of the listeners. To many it carried conviction. There was a ring of truth in it that some men recognized. Others, and the judge amongst the number, looked on the interruption as a sign of the prisoner's guilt, and set him down as a violent, ill-conditioned fellow. He was cautioned by the judge, and the cross-questioning of Jim Morton was continued, but again and again did the prisoner, as if mad with rage, interrupt the evidence and denounce the witness, till something like uproar prevailed in court, and poor George, instead of bettering his cause, had turned the sympathies of the jury and judge against him.

At length Jim's evidence was over, and, pale and exhausted the man stepped out of the box looking as if he were half dead with excitement and fear, and yet with a look of triumph in his face that did not escape the observation of certain people.

After Morton, another witness entered the box, an understrapper in the service of the earl, a relation of Jim's, and a poor hungry looking mortal, who glanced restlessly and suspiciously from side to side.

"What the devil has he got to say?" muttered George, "the lazy, drunken scoundrel!"

But he had plenty to say, as it soon appeared. He had followed the keepers, carrying ammunition and a spare gun. He could swear to the truth of Jim Morton's evidence; he had seen George Yorke raise his gun to his shoulder and fire.

"The villain!" shouted George.

"Remove the prisoner," ordered the judge sternly.

There was a struggle of short duration, then a cry, and George Yorke was carried out of court in a fit.

"A dangerous, violent fellow!" "Guilty without a doubt!" "We never could have believed it," and such-like remarks passed from mouth to mouth; and then people settled down again and the trial went on.

Sentence was pronounced that same day. George Yorke and his fellows were found guilty of trespass and poaching, and George Yorke of having caused the death of Thomas Winch. And he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, whilst the others got off with one year, two years, and some a few months' hard labor each.

The prisoner was brought back into court to hear his doom pronounced, and supported by two warders and strongly handcuffed, he appeared once more before the hundreds of curious eyes in court.

Every one expected, and some dreaded, a further outbreak of demoniac passion, but George was past it; he heard his sentence without displaying any sign of emotion; his eyes were partly closed, his head was sunk on his bosom; he seemed hardly to hear the judge's words; and without a word, or look, or sign, left the court after they were pronounced.

The court emptied quickly as soon as the prisoners were removed, and amongst the first to leave was Farmer Hollingford; he had listened to the case intently; he had watched Jim Morton give his evidence, and Luke, the understrapper, tell his tale; and the good farmer left court with his faith in George's innocence entirely undisturbed.

To him Jim Morton's face spoke him a liar; as to Luke he would not have believed him on his oath on the most indifferent subject.

George's liberty, perhaps his life, had been sworn away by these men, and as the farmer believed, not in error, but to satisfy some private grudge.

Only, why was George in the wood? That was still a mystery to the good farmer. George's counsel had tried to explain away the fact of his presence there in the dead of night, but Farmer Hollingford felt certain that the lawyer was as ignorant of the real reason as he was himself.

It was a sad tale he had to tell when he got back to the farm.

Patience heard it as white as a sheet, but without tears; whilst Mrs. Hollingford sobbed and cried, and could not say hard things enough of the judge and jury, and "them lying lawyers," to say nothing of Morton and Luke.

"That man never comes inside my house again, farmer," she cried. "He's been hanging about this long time after Patience, but you'll have naught to say to him now, lass, will ye?"

"I, mother!" cried Patience, in horror; he knows I hate him."

"Did you tell him so, lass?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, mother; long ago," faltered Patience.

"Good girl," cried the farmer's wife. "It would have broken my heart to see you take up with the likes of he."

"No fear!" put in the farmer. "We want no false witnesses here. Jim Morton won't find Yardly a pleasant place after this."

And far on into the night the simple kindly couple sat there together over the ending of the trial, long after Patience had sobbed herself into a feverish, troubled sleep under the roof.

Lord Hetherington, Adelaide, and Lady St. Quentin were now at Monaco.

Lady Adelaide was still an invalid, one day better, another day worse.

Lady St. Quentin could not quite make her out, and began to fear that her little penchant, as she called it, for that miserable young fellow George Yorke, had been a much deeper feeling than she had any idea of.

"I never thought Adelaide could have made such a fool of herself," she thought with a feeling of bitter aggravation; "breaking her heart —making herself positively ill—all for a man who, by this time, is in jail. It's really a fortunate thing she got a bona fide attack of rheumatism just at the time she did, or people might have thought something. Well, I suppose Adelaide will forget him when she hears he is really a convict."

A day or two later, as Lady St. Quentin and Adelaide were sitting in the fashionable little drawing-room they occupied in one of the most fashionable hotels in Monaco, Lady St. Quentin suddenly let fall her newspaper with a start.

"What is it, aunt?" asked Lady Adelaide, languidly. "You forget how nervous I am. You gave me quite a start."

"So sorry, my dear," she answered, "but here is the Yardly trial concluded."

"The Yardly trial!" cried Lady Adelaide, breathlessly.

"Yes. Now don't excite yourself. It's just as your father said it would be," she went on, taking up the paper.

"He is convicted!" faltered Adelaide, pale as death, and trying hard to conceal her emotion from her aunt.

"Yes, of course. What else did you expect? I always told—" she began.

"But convicted of what?" gasped Adelaide, in a voice that frightened Lady St. Quentin.

"Dear child, don't! Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you."

"But I want to know," said Adelaide; and she snatched the paper from her aunt's hand, angrily.

"Of shooting Tom Winch, of course," replied Lady St. Quentin. "Well, he really is of a rogue and a deceiver. Who could have believed such a thing of such a would-be gentleman as young Yorke?"

Adelaide read the conclusion of the trial eagerly, and dropped the paper with something between a sigh and a groan escaping her.

Twenty years' penal servitude!

She shuddered. The idea was overwhelming, appalling!

Twenty years! He would be shut up, away from everyone whom he had known, for twenty years! He would be herd with villains and reprobates of the deepest dye for twenty years! To work as a slave, to live sparely, to suffer untold degradation—to live, to die, perhaps, alone, for twenty years!

He was twenty-six. He would be forty-six—a middle-aged man—when he came out again into the world; she would be a middle-aged woman; her father an old man; Lady St. Quentin an old woman; poor old Gilbert Yorke would have been dead many a long day, and the farm would be inhabited by others. Everything would be changed, but she would still be his wife!

The wife of a convict!

"Adelaide, my dear child, what are you thinking of?" cried her aunt. "You look worse than I have seen you look yet!"

"I was thinking of—of this," she answered, touching the newspaper she had let fall with her foot.

"Oh, put that out of your head, for goodness sake! George Yorke has done for himself. Few men live through twenty years of penal servitude, I believe. I remember General Tredgold, who was once governor of some large prison, telling me so. We have seen the last of him, depend on it; and seeing he is next door to a murderer—indeed, I don't see the difference—I don't think you had better sympathize with him any more; it's hardly discreet or nice; not quite lady like, in fact; and—"

"Oh, indeed! Now, don't preach to me, Aunt Cicely; that I cannot bear. I have enough to put up with, to drive me mad, without that, and I won't submit to it!"

"Adelaide, you are mad really sometimes, I think!" cried poor Lady St. Quentin, quite surprised.

"I shall be soon, if you worry me so," answered Adelaide.

And she broke out into a fit of wild sobbing that terrified her aunt.

"What can it be? She can't have really cared for him! She must be terribly nervous and weak!" she thought.

And Lady St. Quentin did her best to soothe Adelaide's weeping and quiet her sobs, and after awhile the girl became calm.

"Don't say a word to my father, Aunt Cicely, I beg," she whispered, as she went away to her own room.

And for once Lady St. Quentin thought it best to do as her niece asked her, and, when she discussed the Yardly trial with her brother at lunch, did not mention the effect it had produced on Lady Adelaide.

CHAPTER VII.

Selfish as she undoubtedly was, it was some days before Adelaide could think of the misfortune that had fallen upon George Yorke with anything but grief and horror, but after a while, when the first shock had passed, and she became calmer, she now it affected herself, a feeling of relief was experienced by her.

There was no longer any question of her having to pass her life at the Manor Farm. No more chance of her being torn from her family, from wealth and luxury, position and friends, by an angry husband, to share with him poverty and obscurity and to be exposed to the derision and contempt of all his fellows.

No. She might rest in peace now, and remain with her father for the remainder of her days, without fear of George claiming her!

A great weight, therefore, was lifted from her spirits; the nervousness that had troubled her, the dread that had made her tremble, the fear, discovery and exposure that had haunted her and made her life burdensome, was gone; and if it had not been for the thoughts of the Duke of Almadale, and his proposal, which she would shortly have to give an answer to, Adelaide would have been more nearly happy than she had been for many a long day.

She rapidly grew stronger, and her spirits returned to her again. Lady St. Quentin was delighted with the improvement in her, and had but little doubt that before the winter was over Adelaide would have quite forgotten her folly; whilst Lord Hetherington wrote weekly to the Duke, and settled a date when he should come to Monaco and the engagement between him and Adelaide should be settled.

As Adelaide grew stronger and well again, her love of pleasure and gayety revived within her, and she entered into all the dissipation and amusement about her with redoubled zest. How could she ever have believed it possible she could be happy in a farm house, in the company of an uneducated man, however handsome!

How could she have dreamed that a life of seclusion, dullness and monotony, could ever be made tolerable to her!

Love, people said, could work miracles, but she felt sure love could never work such a miracle with her. She grew cold with shame when she thought of her girlish folly, and undesignated the marriage with George Yorke, and tried to put the recollection of it, and of him, out of her mind.

"The duke is at Nice, Cicely," said Lord Hetherington, quietly, to his sister, some three months later. "I think, possibly, he may come on here."

Adelaide's heart beat fast at her father's words, but she bent over her book and said nothing.

"Indeed!" cried Lady St. Quentin, who was as well aware of the fact as Lord Hetherington himself, and had seen him no doubt.

"I dare say we shall. He will be surprised to see you looking so well, Adelaide, my dear, you were a perfect wreck when he left Yardly."

"Yes; a creature hideous to look upon," replied Adelaide. "He won't trouble himself to call, I should say, father; the remembrance of my sallow face will be enough to keep him away!"

"Pshaw! not much like a sallow cheek, this!" cried Lady St. Quentin, patting Adelaide's soft, round cheek, that glowed with blushes. "All the duke will think is that Yardly didn't agree with you, and that you ought not to be allowed to go back to Yardly."

Twenty years!

It was a long, long time.

What might not happen before twenty years were over!

Men seldom live through twenty years' penal servitude.

Lady St. Quentin's words rang in her ears, as they often had done during the past three or four weeks.

Was there not still a way left for her out of the difficulty her own headstrong folly had brought upon her!

She trembled as she thought of it, and yet the thought came back to her again and again, and the idea began to grow and assume shape and form. Yet, in another moment she shrank from it, and put it away from her with an effort, only to be assailed by it again still more hotly.

A week later, and Almadale was in Monaco and he and Adelaide had met again.

His manner to her was perfect—attentive, friendly, yet somewhat sometimes; but for the first week after their meeting he said not a word to remind her of her promise to give him an answer, and Adelaide almost began to fancy he had forgotten it.

Strange to say, his forgetfulness, as she imagined it, piqued her.

Lady Roche was likely to be at Monaco in a few weeks, she heard, and it would be a bitter humiliation to see the duke go back to her again.

She could not endure the idea. Whatever might happen that should not be.

Then, as the days passed on, and Almadale was constantly in her company, Adelaide began to experience, if not an affection, at any rate a liking for him; he was so good, so kind, so perfect-tempered, so agreeable, and so handsome.

The idea that he was like George Yorke, which she had once entertained, haunted her no longer.

She always thought of George now, as she had seen him at their last meeting—pale, agitated, rough; talking to her wildly, and with the Yardly twang, in the dialect of the country folk, as was his wont when greatly moved.

What was there in the aristocratic face and refined speech and manner of Almadale to remind her of him!

Nothing! And Adelaide felt herself growing fonder of the young man each day.

She did not love him as she had once loved poor George.

If he had been poor instead of rich, a commoner instead of a duke, and had wished to marry him, she would have dismissed him, calmly and without mercy. She would not have given up the world for him as she had intended to do for George, and thought nothing of the sacrifice.

Her feeling for him was very tame and commonplace compared to that she had once experienced for George Yorke.

But vanity ruled her as surely now as a mad love had ruled her before.

To become George's wife she had been willing to give up the world, wealth and position; to gain wealth and position, she now felt equally ready to commit a crime.

It was a lovely spring evening, and the Hetherintons had been listening to the wonderful band that plays nightly at Monte Carlo; and as Lord Hetherington, with Lady St. Quentin on his arm, strolled away to have a look at the tables, as he said, when the music was over, the duke, who did not care for Lady Adelaide to see the gaming hall, led her out into the beautiful grounds which surround the castle.

"The fresh air is very reviving after the theater," he said, as, with Adelaide on his arm, they walked down a long avenue of ilex and palm trees, whilst the moon shone down brilliantly on the silent sea beyond. "I have no sympathy with the people one sees at those gaming tables. There is a certain eager, restless look in the eyes of each one that to me is appalling."

"Yes; and how they can sit, hour after hour, over those horrid roulette tables I don't imagine!" she replied, as they stopped for a moment at the end of a terrace commanding a lovely view of the sea, to enjoy the fresh, cool breeze.

"A perfect night," he said, after a pause, as he leant in an easy attitude on the marble balustrade.

His hand by chance touched Adelaide's as he leaned a little forward, and sent a thrill through his heart. He looked at her; her eyes, soft and dreamy, were fixed on the sea, and a smile just parted her lips. She looked supremely beautiful, and the young man's bosom swelled with pride as he thought that one day, at no very distant time, perhaps, the perfect creature beside him would be his own.

"Do you remember," he began—and Adelaide's heart gave a throb of mingled terror and gratified vanity as he said the words, for she knew what was coming—a promise you made me six long months ago, Lady Adelaide, in London!"

"A promise, six months ago!" she said in a trembling voice.

"Yes," he whispered; you cannot have forgotten it. I see you have not."

For Adelaide was trembling violently. The thought of an oath she had taken disturbed her—the remembrance of another promise given a year earlier.

"Adelaide, I have waited much longer for the answer to my request which you said you would give me than I ever expected to have to wait, through no fault of yours. Surely it is time now to put me out of suspense!" he continued.

She was silent. Her voice seemed choked, her lips unable to form the words she wished, but dreaded to utter.

"You have been so kind to me since I came here," he went on, in a more agitated tone, as Adelaide still kept silence, "that I have been buoying myself up with hope. I love you truly, Adelaide! Oh, my darling, be good to me, and say you will be my wife!"

Even then Adelaide hesitated. A thousand conflicting thoughts, hopes, doubts, fears, filled her breast. The greatness of the crime she was on the brink of committing, the dishonor, the deception, the wickedness she was tempted to be guilty of, seemed to present itself with horrible vividness to her imagination. She would have refused, drawn back, even then; but a voice in the distance fell on her ears, a laugh she knew well, and her good resolutions vanished. She gave her hand to Almadale without a word.

The voice and the laugh were those of Lady Roche.

"You will—you are mine!" cried the duke, as he pressed the little hand, cold as ice, to his lips.

"Yes," she answered, in a hoarse voice, and trembling so violently that Almadale's arm alone kept from falling.

He drew her to a seat.

"You are weak and ill still," he said, "and I have agitated you too much, but, oh! if you are as happy as you have made me, joy will soon revive you."

And he kissed her.

She took his kiss quietly, but without returning it. Her hand lay passive in his, without giving back its pressure. She seemed dazed, benumbed, by some inexplicable emotion.

"Say you love me, darling!" he implored, a moment later. "Don't let us go till I am certain of that from your own lips. Speak quickly, love, for strangers are approaching!"

Adelaide looked up quickly.

Elita Itoche was scarce a hundred yards from them.

"I love you—yes, I love you," she murmured. And her hand closed with a momentary pressure on his.

"My darling!" he replied, triumphantly; "that is what I care most to know. To-morrow we will tell your father, and settle the day for our marriage."

They rose. Lady Roche and her companions had turned down a side path; but Adelaide had seen her glance in that direction, and knew that she had seen them and understood what had taken place.

What had taken place during the remainder of that evening Adelaide could never recall.

Like one in a dream she walked once more down the terrace with Almadale, and at the end met Lord Hetherington and her aunt.

"Where have you been, you naughty young people?" cried Lady St. Quentin, laughingly. "Adelaide, my love, are you cold—are you tired? You look so."

"I have taken good care of her, Lady St. Quentin," the duke replied, in a voice that made Aunt Cicely's heart leap joyfully. "If you don't mind I will see her home."

"Delighted, my dear duke," replied Lord Hetherington.

"It's all right," said the duke, to his future father-in-law, in a low voice, as he and Lady Adelaide walked away.

*(To be Continued.)*


### Winter Love.

A WIFE'S LETTER.

Dear heart! You ask if time has changed
The love of long ago;
If summer's flush of love is past—
The love we cherished so
Because with hand in hand we walk
Together through the snow.

We cannot turn life's seasons back,
However much we grieve
That summer's solstice days are gone—
We cannot once deceive
These hearts, so versed in love's true lore,
With any make-believe.

The roses pearled with fancy's dew
No longer meet our glance;
The lily stalks of sentiment
We look at half-askance,
And smile, perhaps, to think they once
Were fragrant with romance.

Content us so! We own the change;
We know the splendid hours
Have gone with all their drifts of cloud
And gusts of rainbow showers;
And love has had its summer time
For these twain hearts of ours.

And now October's deepening glint
Goldens the seasons o'er;
The perfect fruit is on the stem,
The kernel at the core.
We've gathered in our harvest graith,
What can we wish for more!

And yet love's lucid atmosphere
Hath known no barest wine;
The birds that linger never sang
With trills—if few—so fine,
The starlight as we walk beneath,
Seemed never more divine.

And as my heart in curtained hush
Sits wrapped in dreamy bliss,
Inside our Lares-fire and feels
The warmth of clasp and kiss—
A wonder if our summer-love
Was half so sweet as this!

### A Concise Reason.

Inquiring Father—What i'se like ter know, yo' ongry child, is how yo's able ter smoak cigahs when yo' ole fadder kin only smoak his pipe?

Forward Son—I'se ain't got no chil'n to sup-po't.

### Politics in Paris.

First Citizen—Good day, mister, the baker; how do you carry yourself?

Second Citizen—Very well, my dear friend; have you on the street been walking?

"I have on the street been walking, and all the world of De Browne and De Smythe are talking."

"I De Browne like, and I De Smythe dislike. What say all the world?"

"All the world say, 'Scat De Browne and vive la De Smythe!'"

"Voila! 'Scat De Browne, and vive la De Smythe,' say I. Sac-r-r-r! Let's hang De Browne!"—*Ollendorf.*

### A Flexible Language.

Mrs. B.—My dear, you came in too late last night, and you talked in your sleep.

Mr. B. (uneasily)—Did I? What did I say?

Mrs. B.—It sounded like "ante up, jackpot."

Mr. B. (with admirable presence of mind.—Yes, my dear, I had been discussing Volapuk with Jones. The expression which escaped me in my sleep means "God bless our home."

### Why the Door Opened.

Husband (coming home late from the lodge)—"Going to keep me standing out here in the cold all night, M'ria? Lemme in!"

Wife (with cold, metallic voice)—"If you can distinctly articulate the words 'Six long, slim, slick saplings,' Mr. Ferguson, I will unlock the door, and not otherwise."

Husband (slowly and with labored enunciation)—"I have brought you a beautiful set of (hic) furs, M'ria."

Door opens immediately. — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

### A Useful Present.

"What's that?" asked a country gentleman in a music store.

"That? O, that is used on violins. It is called a chin rest."

"Chin rest, is it? Well, gimme one. It's just the sort of thing I want for a present for my wife."

A Christmas present which will be appreciated by every one is a Queen's Favorite Toilet Box, to be had at all drug and fancy stores.

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own.
As nice a home as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
Can all as easily as I do
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Offers to you, one and all,
A home complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start housekeeping for a very small outlay, and can be saved by taking advantage of our instalment plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. House furnishers of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

## Music.

I saw Mr. Harry Field on King street the other day. His sojourn in Leipsic has not changed him one whit, he looks the same, and is the same, genial good fellow that he always was. He reports good tidings of the Canadian colony in the old University city. It has been whispered that Mr. Field will make his first public appearance here at the next concert of Mr. Torrington's orchestra, in February, when he will play a grand piano concerto with them.

Mr. Joseph W. Baumann of Hamilton was doing King street on Monday afternoon. I find that he is receiving pupils here on Mondays and Thursdays. I see how it will be; by and by we shall annex the whole of Hamilton. The musical people are beginning to come already. Baumann has had great success as a teacher, although he never seems to have pushed his own playing of late years. His greatest pupil, Miss Nora Clench, is now studying in Berlin with Joachim, having exhausted Leipsic, and may be expected here during the summer. His present famulus, young Georgie Fox, is getting on nicely, practicing hard and playing extremely well, and now that he has graduated into high collars and stitch-back gloves, will soon be thinking of going to Germany.

I remember on a rainy afternoon some ten years ago being called into Nordheimer's to inspect an infant prodigy. It was Georgie Fox, then about six years old. He was a handsome, bright boy, and as sharp as a steel trap. He could name, blindfolded, any note struck on the piano, and could even name the notes corresponding any chord struck. Some of us played over some easy pieces, which he repeated with almost absolute correctness. Then Dr. Strathy followed with a more difficult piece, an unpublished composition of his own, which Georgie could not possibly have seen, yet he was just as successful in this instance. But the crowning task of all, to my mind, was when one of us struck down a handful of keys, producing the most horrible discord, he could name the notes as well and as quickly as if they had formed the most elegant concords.

My recollection of Georgie Fox has been the more aroused by the furore that little Josef Hofmann is creating in New York. This little fellow said to be only ten years old, does all the tricks that young Fox was given to, but in addition composes in good and correct form. I have seen a little children's dance of his which is clever in construction, original in melody and elegant in treatment, while it is, however, somewhat narrow in its scope. This very narrowness to me indicates its originality, as it is simply an evidence of his youth and inexperience. Were it broader in idea, it might denote the absoption of the work of other minds. I also saw his variations on an old, quaint air, written by Mozart when he was seven years old. In this Hofmann's originality and wideness of fancy were still more evident.

What becomes of the prodigies in art? Mozart, Moscheles, Weber and Chopin were musicians as children, and certainly attained full celebrity in after-life, but of these Mozart was the only one who acquired general fame as a youngster. Some ten years ago a boy named Leopold Lichtenberg delighted us here with his exquisite violin-playing and still more by the evident, but latent capabilities he displayed. He is to-day a young man of only fair professional excellence. In Garrick's time a boy, Master Betty, played great Shakesperian roles and rivalled the great Garrick himself, but later, as an adult actor, he was a dismal, wretched failure. Similarly with Percy Roselle early in the fifties. This lad was a marvel of intelligence and grace, and London went wild over his acting. But manhood extinguished him.

So also with the Bateman girls. Everybody remembers the infant prodigy in Nicholas Nickleby known as Crummles. She lived in reality, and was known here as Jean Davenport. She was a successful actress in later life, and appeared in New York as Mrs. Lander as late as 1875. I fancy the cause of so many failures of infant prodigies is the adulation and excitement they are exposed to in childhood, and the feeling of parents and friends that work and study are unnecessary. But truly there is no royal road to fame in art, even as there is none to learning. Let us hope that Hofmann and Fox may learn more from the failures of others than from their successes.

There is a good deal of talk here in musical circles about the action ot the Vocal Society in selecting for performance at its approaching concert, two choruses from Sullivan's Golden Legend, a work under rehearsal by the Philharmonic Society. The Philharmonic people say that it is a sort of breach of musical ethics; that a work once claimed by a society and of which it has acquired the right of production, should be held inviolate by other organizations until after its performance; that the P. S. had arranged for the Legend in February, 1887, and that the V. S. had only chosen these choruses after the work was published and sold here. The Vocal Society, on the other hand, says that on finding these unaccompanied choruses in the cantata, an early copy of which was sent him by a relative in England, Mr. Haslam selected them as coming within the field of music chosen by the V. S.; that no breach of intersociety courtesy or attempt at rivalry is intended; that the V. S. has a perfect right to sing any published music it may like; and that its choice of these choruses was made before the P. S. published its intention of singing the Golden Legend. Of course I do not attempt to sit in judgment in the matter. I merely state both cases.

The queer part of it is, however, that the Vocal Society is singing these numbers from copies reproduced in the city, and as it is well-known that Novellos hold to their copyright with a hand of iron, there may be some fun yet. It would be a pity if poor Mr. Haslam, after enjoying damages to the extent of $150 and costs with the Harmony Club, should go through a similar experience with the Vocal Society, and in both cases for a work of Sullivan's. Speaking of the Vocal Society reminds me that M'lle Adele Aus-der-Ohe will play at their concert on Tuesday evening. This young lady has had splendid success in New York, and has many admirers there. METRONOME.

## Art and Artists.

Because of the hue and cry raised last year over the gift distribution scheme engineered by the Ontario society of artists at the fall exhibition, I understand it has been decided to abandon it in future, so that subsequent exhibitions of the society will be as decorous and proper as well may be. I am glad that this is so. While I have every sympathy with the gentlemen who toil and struggle with brush and paint pot for a precarious livelihood, I cannot encourage any scheme such as this. It is bad in principle, it is worse in practice, it is a reflection on the business methods of the society, it is establishing the bad business principle of giving something for nothing, and it is, to say the least of it, annoying to be pestered and bothered into buying tickets you don't want, by a lot of importunate men, when you are anxious to look at pictures quietly and calmly. And above and beyond all it is dishonest. This is a pretty hard word to use, and it may grate on some of my readers' ears, but it is a solemn truth nevertheless, and there is little use in mincing matters when you want to reach hard pan facts.

It is easy enough to argue that all life is a lottery, that all business is a species of gambling, that the man or woman who gets married takes desperate chances and half the time draws a blank—it is easy enough to grind out these old stock arguments in defence of the lottery scheme, but unfortunately there is no analogy between these little things and the position assumed by the Ontario society of artists. In all the lottery of life, no matter how much speculation there is in it, a man gets something for his investment if it's nothing more than a fine-tooth comb. If he spends five cents to put his hand in a grab-bag at a church fair he takes chances on what he is going to get, but he knows his investment will bring him some return; if he promises to love and cherish till death do us part, he takes chances again on the article of divine femininity on which his superfluous affections will be lavished, but he has a dead sure mortgage on something. If it's nothing more than some whalebone relics and tattered dimity. So, I say, in all legitimate transactions, while a man may be comparatively uncertain at times as to quantity and quality, he knows that there will be *some* return, and it depends mainly on his own intellectual resources and smartness how great that return will be. That is just where the shoe pinches with the little scheme engineered by the Ontario society of artists; the investor may get some return, or, nevertheless and on the other hand, as the *Telegram* used to say, he may not. I have invariably noticed that when I have been the investor, as I am sorry to say I have been on more than one occasion, my ill-luck has brought me nothing but a ghastly series of blanks. There is no true business principle in this. The basis is bad and dishonest, and that is why I think the society of artists is lowering its standing and degrading its members by resorting to any such catch-penny device to keep the ship afloat.

It's all right enough to say that a man has got to live and that he can't be blamed for selling his pictures as best he may. I know a man has to live just as well as you do, but I don't know that there is any cold-blooded and particular reason why he should make his living putting grease-spots on a stretched canvas when nature has mapped him out for a tiller of the meek and lowly sewer pipe route. If he can't make a living as an artist, why in heaven's name can't he keep the wolf from the door with a pick and shovel? There is nobody standing over him with a club telling him to keep on painting. He can stop whenever he likes or whenever he discovers that nature has not built him that way. There is no apparent reason why a man should starve as an artist when he can grow fat and happy as a carver of succulent beefsteaks.

It's pretty hard sometimes to give up an ideal. I have seen men struggle on night and day, through starvation and misery and suffering enough to make any ordinary man keel under, until they finally struck success, and their fame and money was all the sweeter when it came, on account of the bitter struggles, the agony of mind and the suffering of heart, with which victory was won. But these men were fired with genius. They had a some thing in them that could not be downed, and they shut tight their teeth, clinched hard their hands, and kept at it until the world sang their praises.

But, great guns, we are not all geniuses any more than we are all idiots. If a man is troubled with that divine afflatus which won't be sat on, let him go ahead and persevere and he'll ultimately succeed, but there are whole hosts of men who are grinding out a miserable existence as artists, when they are no more fitted for it than a balloon is for a prize ring. Incidentally I might mention that this applies to several of the gentlemen who are moaning and groaning about the non-appreciation of art by Canadians. Some of them are right enough in their groanings, but as to others, I don't wonder that the public has so emphatically ignored their efforts. As I said some weeks ago, it don't make any difference what the business is, the man who is master of it is sure to succeed.

JIMMIE REMBRANDT.

## Fashion Gossip.

The most stylish wraps for everyday wear, during midwinter, are the ulsters of Scotch or rough frise cloth, striped, checked, mottled or plain. These garments are in various shapes, but the ulster, which is liked best, is closely-fitting, with a long cape, joining into the back seams like the sleeves of a cloak. The cape is fastened at the neck, and sloped off gradually to a point reaching considerably below the elbow; thus the wearer has the warmth of a double cape, and at the same time her arms are left perfectly free.

One of the new cloaks in navy blue cloth, striped in frise, has a cape which fastens at the neck, and is elegantly sloped from the back and the shoulders. It terminates in points, and the cape has a narrow edging of beaver down the front, and is finished off at the points with silk passementerie ornaments.

Young girls are now wearing simple plush jackets, which are lined throughout with quilted satin, and are warm and comfortable, as well as stylish. Soft and silky seal-brown plush is used for these jackets, which are made either close-fitting or with loose fronts, single or double-breasted, or fastened diagonally.

Their older sisters who dress handsomely like the short cloaks better, as they keep the chest and arms warm, and add to the beauty of a toilette without concealing the gown. In shape these cloaks resemble a round cape, ending in two long tabs in front. Some, however, are of the sling-cape shape, with the front imitating a jacket front. The new-shaped cloaks are lined with soft satin or shot-silk, quilted over eiderdown.

The general introduction of the redingote, and the polonaise, occurred so late in the winter that costumes with such upper garment will be in favor for spring and summer wear, and some of the recently imported models in heavy and rich materials can be most effectively reproduced in lighter weight and less expensive fabrics; for instance, a Paris visiting dress of tapestry blue, in plush and woolen stuff, will be suitable for late winter, if made in Henrietta and velvet, or velutina.

The skirt of the original dress is formed of a series of wide panels of plush, divided by fan plaitings of the woolen serge. The stylish polonaise is of woolen goods, it fastens on the left side of the throat under a few plaits, and the material falls straight down the left side in easy folds, and terminates in a deep-rounded panier on the right side. The front and edge of this panier are bordered with large passementerie drops.

The sides and back are tight-fitting; on the left side of the skirt is a long, full, pointed drapery; the plaited and puffed back drapery is also long and full, and is caught up immediately below the waist. The plain cuffs and the high collar, which is fastened on the left side, are of plush.

Such a polonaise, which is full-fronted and graceful, is very becoming to young ladies with slender figures; and models with similar features are made in China silk, crapes, crepe de Chine, surah, faille Francaise, and stamped brocade, for evening wear; and also in Clairette, feather cloth, albatrôss and nun's veiling, combined with plush, velvet or moire, and trimmed with ribbons and laces if desirable, or chenille ornaments.

In making up some of the prettiest evening dresses, lace is largely used. Often both skirt and tunic are made of lace, and in some pretty models the diagonally-draped tunic is trimmed along the edge from the waist to the foot, with a series of small bows of narrow white ribbon, the loops falling a little over the edge of the lace. The silk bodice is cut in the low form that is still fashionable, and draped with lace, caught up on the shoulders with bows of ribbon.

There is quite a noticeable change in the method of arranging the hair this season. Instead of being twisted into an 8 or double 8, it is combed up rather high and made into a knot at the top of the head, and rolled up from the roots at the back; in front the hair is still waved or frizzled, but is not allowed to fall so low over the eyebrows as before.

For evening—especially for ball coiffures—curls are added, to fall at the back, or part of the hair is loosely doubled up and tied. This style is in Paris considered particularly suitable for young girls. The coiffure is completed by adding a pretty bow of ribbon in an appropriate color.

For spring costumes, or late winter home dresses, the newest all wool materials are the pretty plaids in rich and pleasing color combinations of red, green, blue, gold, brown and other shades. These cashmere plaids are forty inches wide, and cost, at our leading dry-goods houses, seventy-five cents a yard.

Braidettes this season have lost their lace-like look of last summer; the braid twist is caught on to the surface of the cloth with loops, instead of being run through a lace line; and another new feature in these lovely cotton Cleghorn novelties is the introduction of a Mosaic stripe, which with the twist line defines the plaids in which the solid ground blocks and woven checks are inclosed.

## Chat From The 'Varsity.

Work for the Easter term is again fairly under way.

The *Globe* will be replaced on file in the reading room. The editor of the Cap and Gown column wishes to see his personals.

The library was quite deserted during the holidays. Mr. A. F. Chamberlain enjoyed its serene quiet almost alone.

Mr. R. A. Paterson, B. A., called at the college on his way to Gananoque, where he teaches.

Mr. W. P. Mustard, B. A., fellow in classics, visited his native village, Uxbridge. Is this the Canadian Oxford?

Though the president may have kept some of the students from going away early, his influence has not been strong enough to get them all back in time. The lecture-rooms have not been crowded yet.

Some students preferred struggling with the mysteries of the boarding-house goose to going home for holidays. I should think such undue excitement would not be favorable to study, if it was for this they remained.

At Knox lectures began regularly on Wednesday, though some were given before that.

Mr. T. Nattren, B.A., was at Loxing, Muskoka, during the holidays.

Mr. R. Harkness preached at Corbetton, Dufferin Co.

Mr. M. P. Tolling has returned from Ryde, Muskoka. He occupied St. Mark's Mission pulpit on Sunday last.

Mr. W. A. Bradford was home at Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Goforth intend starting for China sometime this month. They leave earlier than was expected owing to the distress caused by the disastrous flood which recently occurred in China.

Mr. J. N. Elliott returned from Sarnia last Saturday.

Mr. J. McD. Duncan occupied the pulpit of the Central church on Sunday last.

Santa Claus favored Mr. David R. Keys, lecturer in English, with a son.

The conversazione committee will soon be at work, and preparations will be made for the annual conversazione in February. TOGA.

## How Many Children She Had.

A respectable but unfortunate young woman was recommended to the attention of a fashionable would-be charitable lady, and at a benevolent meeting of which the grand lady was president the subject of her assistance was introduced.

The lady threw a hurried glance at the applicant and asked abstractedly:

"How many children have you?"

"Three, madam."

The president returned to her discussion with some fellow members and forget the waiting applicant. About a quarter of an hour afterwards on turning around she observed the poor woman and suddenly asked:

"Have you any children, madam?"

"Twenty minutes ago," answered the woman. "I had the honor of telling you that I had three, and since that time no more have been born to my knowledge!"

And with a respectable but indignant bow the high-minded woman quitted the room, leaving the lady patroness perfectly horror-stricken at her boldness.

## The Right Kind of Girl.

There are a few well-defined rules of procedure (says the New York *Star*) which, if carefully observed, will spare the man in search of a wife much sorrow and remorse. In the first place, see the girl you intend to honor as early in the morning as possible, and note whether she is fresh and tidy or limp and frowzy. Watch how she treats her pets—her dog, her canary, her little sisters. Discover what she eats and drinks, and make yourself certain whether she bathes frequently or uses perfumery. Remember if she makes a habit of walking or driving. Inform yourself whether she dotes upon Owen Meredith and Henry James, or reads Longfellow and Fenimore Cooper. Walk her up a hill as fast as you can, and dance a whole waltz through with her, and mark if she allows herself breathing room, and wears tight slippers. Familiarize yourself with her father's affairs and her mother's temper; and then, when you've found a girl who is neat, trim, true, healthy, wealthy and wise, sail in and win her.

## The Third Kind Takes The Cake.

Outside of those kisses bestowed by affectionate relatives, there can be but three recognized classes of the genus kiss as viewed from a male standpoint. The first comes upon your lips as if they were touched by a smooth-planed and insensate board, without life or animation, unproductive of any agreeable sensation whatever, and not worth being garnered with the heart's mementos of golden, happy hours. The second is a gentle, velvety kiss, very sweet and pleasant, but vexatiously unsatisfying to an ardent nature, and but little more pronounced than a fascinating cousin would likely bestow. The third is such as coral, tempting, passionate lips bestow for about ten seconds upon your lips, "a lingering sweetness long drawn out," that not only steals your breath but seems to be drawing your very soul from out of your body. A fellow may forget his mother—and about the time he is harvesting such a kiss he is sure to forget her—but the recollection of that undwarfed, honest kiss will abide with him a source of joy, and be commensurate with life itself.

## A Year Ago.

A year ago! Let's see—
I was in love a year ago—
Ah me!
So helplessly in love!
And she!
Who taught my heart so much it did not know,
And kept its strings forever trembling so—
She said she loved me, too—
A year ago!

The days were just like these,
The same dark days a year ago;
The trees
Were just as bare then,
And the breeze
Blew just as drearily—all this I know,
And yet it seems that Nature wasn't so—
She didn't frown as much
A year ago!

## Late Hours in Dancing.

From present appearances, the dances this winter (says the New York *Sun*) promise to keep more unreasonable hours than ever before. Midnight is well advanced before carriages begin to arrive at Delmonico's door, and supper is seldom over before two o'clock in the morning. Then comes the cotillion with its innumerable figures, and the young feet which fly through its mazes are seldom at rest before five o'clock. This is literally killing work, and the consequence will be complete exhaustion for the women before the season is half over, and the gradual retirement of the young men, who have their way to make in the world, from all dancing duties or pleasures. To go to bed at five and rise again at eight o'clock refreshed, is a physical impossibility, and what is gained to society or individuals by the introduction of foreign customs into a community whose habits of life are so widely divergent, it would puzzle a social autocrat to say. The hour for dining has been growing later for several years, and seven o'clock for family dinners and eight o'clock for formal banquets are now fashionable. But even so, the margin is wider than it used to be for the ball-goers. No dinner can spread itself over more than two hours without detriment to the cheerfulness and enjoyment of the guests—so that where a party propose to go together to a ball either a dreary interval of waiting must occur, or the dinner must be delayed till nine o'clock, all of which is very silly.

## The Awful Child.

Observing Little Girl—Mamma, who is that young man on the other side of the tram?

Mamma—I don't know, dear. Why?

Observing Little Girl—He looks so queer. He has three eyebrows!

Mamma—How do you make that out?

Observing Little Girl—He has one over each eye, and one over his mouth.—*Singapore Review.*

## A Stern Rebuke.

Twigley—Haw, Wigley, a word with you (whispering). Don't you know you're making a dweadful exhibition of yourself? You've only half dwessed!

Wigley (amazed)—But I don't see anything the mattah, deah boy.

Twigley—Why, you must be cwazy! You've left your walking-stick at home.

Wigley faints.

## No Depravity.

Recently in a Washington horse-car, a colored dude was seated among the passengers. A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose, and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred, and said, "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, no depravity, miss," was his reply; "no depravity at all; I prefer to stand."

## Missed Him.

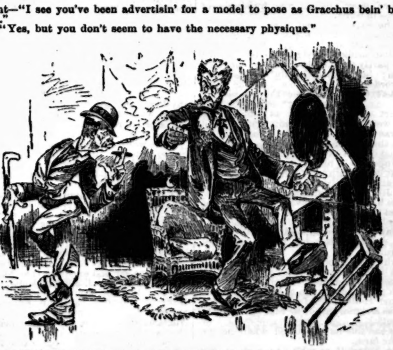
Visitor—Don't you miss your little nephew very much, Freddie?

Freddie (whose nephew died the week before)—Yes, I miss him very much, but I like to be the uncle to an angel.

## He Wasn't Engaged.

Applicant—"I see you've been advertisin' for a model to pose as Gracchus bein' broken on the wheel."

Artist—"Yes, but you don't seem to have the necessary physique."



Applicant—"Physique! Why, my dear man! I've been the loose-jointed wonder with Barnum's show for ten years."

## Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

that all dances, whether large or small, mean full dress, and I noticed some very handsome silks, satins and velvets there. Miss Dumble of Cobourg came in a gown of black velvet, en train, depending on a few bead trimmings, simplicity of fold and outline of figure, to do justice to her peculiar style of appearance. It was a decidedly becoming and attractive appearance. Miss Bain had a stylish combination of white tulle and black velvet; Miss Hattie Scott, mauve tulle and violet velvet; Miss Emma Newton was attired to particular advantage also, in cream satin, en train. The two Misses Field were favorably commented on, Miss Ida wore heliotrope silk, and Miss Maud, blue satin and coffee lace. Others there were the Misses Clara and Lena Smith, in pink tulle and white, respectively; Miss Edith Harris, blue satin; Miss A. Heward, blue satin and coffee lace; the Misses Madeline and Tilley Spratt, in white cashmere and terra cotta; Mrs. Prince, black lace and coral ornaments; Miss Ross, blue brocade; Miss Herschfelder, black lace; the Misses Maule, Miss Newton, Miss Russell, Miss Wyatt, Miss Gimpson, in pink cashmere and lace; the Messrs. Stinson, Spratt, W. Smith, H. Wyatt, A. Munro, Grier, Gordon Heward, Taylor (Montreal), Strathy, Newton, Sidney Ford Jones, Cartwright, F. Jones, Hirschfelder, Hart, Bayley, George Brooke, Hamilton Merritt, D. Mackay. Quite a little excitement was caused during the evening by one of the chimneys in Mrs. Scott's house catching on fire, but it was put out before there was need for the hose reels, or any damage done.

*

Skating is being boomed in Toronto again, and it is to be hoped society will take it up as enthusiastically, if not as faithfully, as it did tobogganing, as being a less dangerous and quite as exhilarating exercise. There have been several skating parties this winter. One given by Mrs. Sweny on Thursday, 5th, at the Victoria Rink, Huron street, after which all lunched with Col. and Mrs. Sweny at their residence, St. George street. About fourteen gentlemen and ladies managed to enjoy the exercise and tempting repast afterwards, amongst whom were, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Major Crozier, N.-W. M. P.; Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss McInnes, Mr. McInnes, Miss Laura Boulton, Capt. Gamble Geddes and Mr. Fox. This is only the signal for many more.

*

Many, many, are they who feel the absence of our bright and popular Mrs. Torrance, who is a kind, engaging hostess to so many friends every season. She is at present studying music, and enjoying the pleasures of the gay French capital, in the companionship of Mrs. Alex. Cameron, her stepmother, another very much missed entertainer this winter. Mrs. Torrance proposes returning to Toronto in the spring.

TETE-A-TETE.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty has issued cards for a 9 o'clock At Home on the 31st.

Mrs. George Ryerson's musicale has been postponed until Tuesday 24th January.

Miss Minnie Smith of Strathroy is a guest of Mrs. George Eakin of Carlton street.

Mrs. and Miss Robertson of Hamilton are staying at the Queen's hotel for the winter.

Miss Susie Jones will leave on Monday for Montreal, on a visit to Miss Hague of six or eight weeks.

Mrs. C. A. B. Brown entertained a large number of friends at her residence, 551 Jarvis street, last evening.

Mrs. David Henderson of Huron street gave a 5 o'clock tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of two young ladies who are visiting her.

The Misses Young and Miss Sinclair of Hamilton, who have been visiting in this city, returned to their homes on Wednesday last.

Mrs. John C. Smith has kindly consented to sing for the Harmony Club at Monday night's performance, during the intermission between the two plays.

An ever welcome face is to be seen once more in Toronto drawing-rooms. Miss Morris of Guelph, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Spragg, on Beverley street.

Miss Strathy, eldest daughter of the manager of the Traders' Bank, is to be married on the 31st of this month to a Scotch gentleman of means. Their home will be in the Highlands.

If snow would only come as thickly as dances we should soon have good sleighing and tobogganing. Mrs. Cumberland bids her friends to a ball on the 25th, thus the evidence of another pleasant fixture adorns mantelpieces.

A large and fashionable dance was given by Mrs. James Henderson, No. 2 Wellesley place, on Thursday evening, and another was given by Mrs. James Lockhart, College street, too late for more than mere mention this week.

Cards are out for a dance at Mrs. Beardmore's, Beverley street, on the 20th. Mrs. Beardmore's original intention was to give it on the evening of the 16th, but as it would conflict with the performance of the Harmony Club, she obligingly consented to change the date.

Among those who attended the sleighing party given by Mrs. Robert Myles, on Wednesday last, were Mr. and the Misses Beatty and Master C. Beatty, Misses Lulu and Alice Gooderham, Miss Shanklin, Miss Temple, Mrs. Cox, Miss Vicars, Miss Manning, Mr. Forbes Michie, Major Harrington.

The Misses Benson of Port Hope are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. McCaul, on Carlton street. Miss Ethel Benson has adorned our drawing-rooms and our ball-rooms before, but her sister, Miss Emily Benson, is a debutante, whose actual debut was made with great success at the ball at Chestnut Park.

A WINTER FAIRY.

## Late Theater News.

That talented woman and brilliant actress Kate Claxton began a brief engagement at the Grand, Thursday evening to poor business. She is supported by her husband, Mr. Charles A. Stevenson, and a well balanced company. The World Against Her, in which she appeared, is one of the strongest and best plays seen in Toronto in some time, and the dramatic critic regrets at this late hour he cannot do the performance justice.

For next Tuesday and Wednesday, that sterling actress Modjeska, is billed. It is some time since Toronto people have had the opportunity of seeing this accomplished lady and no doubt her performances will be greeted by crowded houses.

For the balance of the week the stage at the Grand will be occupied by Miss Frankie Kemble in her Irish comedy drama, Sybil. Miss Kemble is a young actress. Her New York appearance was decidedly successful. The Brooklyn *Times* says of her. "Miss Kemble warbles like an Irish meadow lark, dances like a female graduate of Donnybrook fair, and is the lissome, laughing-eyed, rollicking, tender, mischievous Hibernian lass which the late Charles Lever loved so well to draw from the humbler walks of life on the Green Isle. The large theater was filled and the fair star was received with great enthusiasm."

### A Matinee Dansante.

The first of a series of monthly matinees dansante took place at Prof. Davis' private dancing academy in the Grand Opera House building on Saturday last, from 3 to 6 p.m. About a hundred were present, including the parents and friends of the children. The affair was an undoubted success.

### Their Annual Conversat.

Doric Lodge, A. F. and A. M., No. 316, G. R. C., intends holding its annual conversazione on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 19. The committee have perfected their arrangements and anticipate a repetition of their successes of former years, as Doric Lodge has from its inception been prominent amongst the city lodges for the complete success of its annual gatherings. W. Bro. A. A. S. Ardagh, W. M.; W. Bro. H. A. Collins, chairman of committee; Bro. W. McCartney, sec.-treas.

### Q. O. R. Sergeants Mess.

The annual meeting of the Q. O. R. of Canada Sergeants Mess was held at their rooms on last Monday evening, Sergt.-Major Crean in the chair. A large number of members were present. The annual reports show a prosperous state of affairs which may be attributed to the splendid manner in which the board of management has conducted the business of the mess during the past year. Col.-Sergt. McKell, who has been president for the past two years retiring, as did the secretary, Staff-Sergt. Williams and Col.-Sergt. Kennedy and Sergt. Robertson, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Staff-Sergt. Strachan (by acclamation).... President
Quarter-Master-Sergt. Burns..... Vice-President.
Sergt. T. E. Henderson (by acclamation). Treasurer.
Col.-Sergt. Levisconte (by acclamation). Secretary.
Bugal-Major Swift, Col.-Sergt. Domelle, Sergt. Higginbotham, Sergt. Small. } Committee.

After the business was concluded refreshments were served and a pleasant social evening was spent in the sergeants' usually jolly way.

### A Masonic At Home.

The Masonic Hall was the scene of a pleasant gathering last Friday evening, when the annual At Home of Zetland Lodge, always looked forward to with pleasure, was given. This time more praise than usual is due to the Worshipful Master and committee of arrangements, every detail having been well attended to, while the stewards were energetic in looking after the comfort of all present. The affair was entirely by invitation, and the list of names sent in to the committee was so large that upwards of a hundred were unable to receive cards.

The guests were received by W. Bro. C. A. B. Brown, W.M., and Mrs. Brown, and the members of the lodge welcomed R. W. Bro. Malone, D.D.G.M., with grand honors. In a few happy words the W.M. welcomed the visitors, and the programme was entered into with vigor.

The hall was filled with beauty, and with its quaint Masonic charms and devices, its lofty ceilings and magnificent chandeliers, was an attractive scene, and many were the searchings for the hidden mysteries of the "craft." Even the old reliable "goat" was on hand to do service if required. The chapter room was used for the reception of the guests, and W. Bro. S. Davison, J. D. Henderson and John Fletcher had charge of the whist tables. About two hundred guests were present, amongst whom were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. John Morison, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Rogers, Mr. F. and Miss Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. S. Davison, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Mr. G. A. Kapelle, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Dyas, Major and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henderson and the Misses Henderson, Miss Rolph, W. H. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Macpherson, Miss Kennedy, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mr. J. E. B. and Miss Littlejohn, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mr. Charles Clark and the Misses Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Snellgrove, Mr. E. J. Dignum, Miss Creasor of Owen Sound, Miss McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Miss Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mr. E. A. and Miss Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Postlewaite, Mr. E. A. Badenach, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taylor, Mr. Charles and Miss Hattie Brown, Mr. Thos. Gibbard of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gordon, Miss Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scales and Miss Scales, Mr. W. E. Fletcher, Mr. E. W. Cox, Mr. John King, Mr. J. S. Garvin, Mrs. Wm. Stone, Mr. C. E. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy G. Routh, Mr. W. D. Donaldson, Miss Jacobi, Capt. J. P. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith, Mr. G. M. Furnival and Miss Lancaster. Secretary Stewart was on hand with a list of regrets, among them being those of M. W. Bro. Henry Robertson, Grand Master Sir John Macdonald, who is a past master of Zetland Lodge, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, R. W. Bro. S. B. Harman, R. W. Bro. J. C. Hegler of Ingersoll and others.

Some of the ladies were handsomely attired. Mrs. Hamilton wore blue satin embroidered with cream lace; Mrs. J. E. Rogers, cream satin, lace, amber and pearl trimmings; Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, black satin, trimmed heavily with jet, amber trimmings and flowers; Miss Beasley, white satin and diamonds; Mrs. J. E. Lancaster, cream satin and pearls; Miss Fisher, cream silk and crystal trimmings; Miss Henderson, mauve silk with tulle; Miss Annie Henderson, heliotrope satin and natural flowers; Miss Hattie Brown, yellow surah and white jet, red trimmings; Miss Littlejohn, pink satin and diamonds; Mrs. Malone, black silk and diamonds; Miss Morphy, black satin and lace; Mrs. Snellgrove, pink satin and pearls; Miss Peacock, white satin and flowers; Miss Clark, white tulle, natural flowers; Mrs. Dyas, black lace and diamonds; Mrs. Morison, terra cotta silk, diamonds; Miss Eva Kennedy, cream satin and lace, pearls; Miss Kennedy, black silk and diamonds; Mrs. May, torquoise, blue and black lace, diamonds; Mrs. Graham Macpherson, amber satin and rubies; Miss Rolph, black satin and natural flowers; Mrs. Williams, nile green and black lace, diamonds; Miss Vail, cream satin, natural flowers; Mrs. Fletcher, heliotrope and black satin with lace trimmings; Miss Fletcher, black satin and jet, natural flowers; Mrs. J. D. Henderson, black silk velvet, ornaments, diamonds; Mrs. Scales, black silk, steel and gold trimmings; Mrs. Taylor, terra cotta silk velvet, embossed; Mrs. Botsford, white satin and pearls; Miss Harvey, cream silk; Mrs. Davison, blue satin and black lace, diamonds; Miss Lancaster, white satin and amber trimmings; Mrs. Gordon, old gold satin and diamonds; Miss Creighton, white cashmere with pink trimmings, natural flowers; Miss Creasor, cream satin and crystal trimmings; Miss Jacobi, blue cashmere with pearl and torquoise ornaments; Miss Scales, cream silk, natural flowers. A lady was overheard remarking at the close, "I wish Zetland would be at home once a week."

Mr. D. McNicol, general passenger agent C. P. R., was in the city on Wednesday.

## Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The Canoe Club's recent ball at the Russell house opened the festive season in Ottawa. It was an unmistakable success, over 150 couples passing through the portals of the large dining room, which, for the time-being had been converted into a temple of Terpsichore. The hall was handsomely decorated with plenty of objects emblematic of the facinating and cranky aquatic craft from which the club takes its name and the fostering of the use of which is its reason for existence. In one corner a handsome canoe with full sail set made a very striking piece for the eye to rest on, while at the head of the hall a more modest "skimmer" with its pair of paddles rested as gracefully as a swan on a pond. Paddles crossed and tied with pretty and brilliant bows of ribbon ornamented every few feet of wall and other river navigator's symbols continually reminded the thoughtless youth and maiden of the cult they were met to worship.

And there were many youths and maidens there thoughtless and otherwise, I suppose. Of that I cannot speak collectively or individually, as it was not a night for wearing out the fine gray matters of the brain, but was rather devoted to an endeavour to extinguish a great many score pair of patent leather pumps. If I cannot, however, speak of things intellectual, I can at least exclaim with the poet "Ye's oh the maid was fair to see." The poet who thus exclaimed cannot at the moment be called to mind, but on enquiry he will be found to be of good standing in the rhyme-wrestling guild. There were indeed some personable girls passing in review under the Watchman's eye.

At this point I feel almost like writing an essay on Feminine Beauty, with Special Reference to its Prevalence or Scarcity in various Canadian Communities. That would be the title. It would embrace disquisitions on beauty on the street, in the parlor, in the ball-room—I had almost said on the house-top, because they do get there occasionally, when there's no room in the garden for the clothes-lines.

Each town has its special characteristics in this line. No, No, I don't mean clothes-lines, but in this matter of beauty—the line of beauty so to speak. Now, here in the metropolis, which has the distinction of harboring SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto is remarkable for the scores of pretty faces one will meet on the principal streets in an afternoon's walk. But (dare I say it?) I have been at balls in Ontario's capital, where, if the clock didn't stop, it was because it wasn't a clock to be easily frightened from the narrow path of duty. No bouquets, please. I was there myself.

But Ottawa is just the antipodes of this. Where the clock would have a trying time in performing its mission would be if it had the opportunity of scanning the procession on the highway, while on the other hand a ball-room or a party is a perfect rose-bud garden of girls, with many a queen-rose in it.

At Wednesday night's dance the greater portion of the ladies dresses were cut considerably decollete and I assure you sweet reader it was a great sight to see the grand circle as it swayed gently by like a great string of gems—chiefly pearls but here and there a blazing diamond, a ruby, a sappire or what you will. But the nice dear girls are the pearls. There they were in dozens, girls whose satin skin outshone the ivory hued fabric of the French loom that gently heaved in unison with the palpitating heart beneath. It was wholly a noble, inspiring, invigorating spectacle that would do me good to witness every evening. I wish you had room for the names of all who were there. If you have, Mr. Editor, please put them in. [Note on quiet to Editor, I didn't get them.]

The lady patronesses of the club are: Lady Macdonald, Lady Caron, Mrs. Costigan, Madame Chapleau, Mrs. T. White, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. R. W. Scott, Lady Middleton, Mrs. Schultz, Madame Taschereau, Lady Grant, Mrs. Perley, Mrs. McLeod Stewart, Mrs. Sandford Fleming, Mrs. Miall, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. D. O'Connor, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Church, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. St. Jean, Mrs. Gordon B. Pattie, Mrs. C. Mackintosh, Mrs. A. P. Sherwood and Mrs. Berkeley Powell. Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Costigan, Mrs. White, Mrs. Miall will their partners opening the ball, and from the first strain that fled from the leader's violin, the gaiety never flagged.

Lady Lansdowne has issued a number of invitations for various skating and tobogan parties, and the indications are that although the session is postponed the winter solstice of joy has begun. WATCHMAN.

ST. THOMAS.

One of the largest private dances ever given in St. Thomas, took place at Inverlorne, County Registrar MacLachlin's beautiful residence, last Tuesday night. Those who were fortunate enough to receive an invitation will not readily forget the brilliant gathering. About one hundred and sixty invitations were issued, and someone told me the regrets numbered only five. Among the guests from a distance were Miss Kiltredge of Strathroy, Mr. Carroll of New York, Miss Robinson, Miss Morley, Miss Bessie Morley of Port Stanley, Mr. Morley, Miss Plewis of Brantford, Mr. Reid of London and Miss Gertrude Burden of Sault Ste. Marie. Among our own people were noticed Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Mrs. E. Nichol, Mrs. Rich, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Arkell, Mrs. F. Reynolds, Mrs. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Quiggle, Miss Mickleborough, Miss Nettie Mickleborough, Miss Macartney, Miss Lindop, Miss Arkell, Miss Annie VanBuskirk, Miss Moorhead, Miss Cochrane, Miss Grace Cochrane, Miss Mann, Miss Farley, Miss Mitchell, Miss Lilt Mitchell, Miss Munroe, A. F. Matheson, R. Arkell, H. B. H. Travers, A. Grant, J. Grant, Mr. R. Thompson, Mr. Murray Thompson, Mr. Frank Scarff, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. O. F. Hyde, Mr. J. MacKenzie. The London Harpers furnished good dance music. This was one of the most enjoyable parties of the season.

Small, but pleasant evenings have been given this week by Mrs. James Coyne, Mrs. Canon Hill, Mrs. Garwood and Mrs. Charley Smallenger. Mrs. Hill's was in honor of Miss Kittredge and Miss Goodson of Strathroy, who have been spending the Christmas holidays at the rectory.

Among those ladies and gentlemen who will return to college on Monday, are Miss Jessie MacLachlin, who goes to Brantford Ladies' College; Miss Emma Smith, to Hamilton; Mr. F. H. Tuffel and Mr. John McKenzie, to Toronto University.

Mr. E. Pratt of the Molsons' Bank, Picton is spending his holidays in town.

Miss Edith Yarwood returned last week from a two months' visit with friends in Toronto.

For over a week we have had fine skating on the creek and ponds, and many of our people have taken advantage of this delightful winter sport. After a free stretch of ice for almost two miles, we will doubtless find the rink dreadfully slow when we return to it. MAUDE.

GODERICH.

The first social event of any importance this year occurred Friday of last week in the marriage of Miss Adelaide Horton, eldest daughter of Mr. Horace Horton, and Mr. Gordon Gamble, youngest son of Mr. Clark Gamble, Q.C., of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at St. George's church by the rector, Rev. Mr. Young. The bride was most becomingly attired in a costume of plush with bonnet to match. She was attended to the altar by Miss Ross, while Mr. Gamble was supported by Mr. George Drummond of the Bank of Montreal. The church was crowded to the doors, and difficulty was experienced by the ushers in reserving seats for the guests. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous breakfast was provided. The presents were numerous and pretty, and testified to the deserved popularity of Mrs. Gordon Gamble. A novel and pretty feature of the wedding was the introduction of some miniature guests. Miss Conna Holt, Master Redmond Macdonald, Master Geoff Holt and Miss Helen Horton, sister of the bride, formed a charming quartette, who thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. The young couple left by the 12 a. m. train for New Westminster, British Columbia, their future home. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Gamble of Toronto, Mrs. Hellmuth of London, Rev. Mr. Young, Mrs. Burn of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Ure, Mrs. Brough, Mrs. Redmond Brough, Dr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Chilton, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and the Misses Hutchison, Mrs. M. C. Cameron, Mr. F. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Cameron, Mr. and Miss Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Garrow, Dr. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Malcom, Mr. and Mrs. R. Williams, Mr. and Miss McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. Jordon, Miss Chilton.

The New Year was duly observed here, the majority of the ladies receiving, and as there were several visitors in addition to the gentlemen of the town the day was quite gay. Among the visitors were observed Mr. Percy Drummond of Montreal, Mr. Charles Ross of Toronto, Mr. Walter Brough and Mr. Alec Ross of Lincoln, Nebraska.

BARRIE.

Another large and enjoyable party was given by Dr. and Mrs. Morton on Monday evening last. The party consisted of the following young ladies and gentlemen: Miss Dynes, Mr. A. E. Dyment, the Misses Forsyth, Miss L. Jones, Miss Ardagh, Miss F. Ardagh, Mr. A. Ardagh, Mr. E. Ardagh, Mr. McGregor, Mr. G. E. Eaton, Miss Miller, the Misses Foster, Mrs. A. J. Lloyd, Mrs. J. A. Strathy and several others.

Many of the congregation of Trinity Church spent a few hours very enjoyably at the rectory last Thursday evening. Only married ladies and gentlemen were present. Rev. Mr. Reitzer and Miss Reiner were attentive to their guests.

Mrs. D. Holmes, Miss Morgan, Miss Miller and Miss Holmes, returned home last Thursday after spending the holidays at Port Perry.

Miss Baker and Miss M. Baker were visiting friends in Toronto last week, and Mr. F. Baker visited his sister Mrs. W. Hanbidge in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Barrie has a number of young ladies and gentlemen visiting its people at present. Miss Bouchier of the Battery is visiting Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Miss Tisdale of Toronto is staying with Mrs. J. R. Colter, Miss Linton of Georgina with Mrs. A. J. Sandford, Miss Lefroy of Toronto with Mrs. Bridges, Miss O'Brien of Toronto with Mrs. H. H. Strathy, Miss Jones of Brantford with Mrs. John Forsyth, Mr. W. Colter of Toronto with Mrs. Schreiber and Mr. J. Laird of Port Dalhousie with Mrs. J. Laird. A benefit concert was given in the Town Hall, last Tuesday evening by a number of Barrie's young people, and Mr. Irvinge of Toronto. The first part of the programme was of the musical class, and the last part was the farce, Ici en Parle Francais, by amateur dramatists of the town. Among those taking part I noticed Mrs. A. A. MacKidd, Mrs. A. J. Lloyd, Miss Forsyth, Miss S. Forsyth, and Mrs. Nicholson (nee Merrymen), Mr. A. A. MacKidd, Mr. H. B. Spotton and Capt. Andros. Mr. Geo. Henderson played a clarionet solo, which was well rendered. Among the people in the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. S. Lount, Mrs. J. McL. Stewart, Miss Stewart, Miss Miller, Miss Baker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Forsyth, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Miss Sanford, Miss Linton, Mrs. R. E. Williams, Lady Kortright, Mr. H. Kortright, Miss Kortright, Mrs. J. L. G. McCarthy, Mr. McCarthy, Miss K. McCarthy and a large number of others. Miss Reiner and Mrs. Henrich acted as accompanists. PARVO.

CHATHAM.

A juvenile party took place at the residence of Mrs. Northwood on Victoria avenue, about a hundred children being present. During the evening some of their elders came in and dancing, the chief amusement, was indulged in till about two o'clock. Some of the children looked very pretty in their evening dresses. Among them I particularized noticed Miss Edith Moore, Miss Grace Powell, Miss Blanche Pennefather and Miss Georgie Moore. The party was thoroughly enjoyed by all present and the children are much indebted to Mrs. Northwood for her kind hospitality.

Mr. Cameron has been appointed pro accountant of the Bank of Commerce, Mr. Rowley of St. Catharines having been appointed teller in his place.

Chatham people are glad to welcome Mr. F. Hutchinson of the Bank of Montreal back to his old place, Mr. F. Anderson, who was relieving him, having been sent to the London branch of the bank.

The Merchants' Bank inspectors were in town throughout last week.

Miss M. Roe of Hamilton and Miss Gill of London are the guests of Mrs. Sinclair. Miss Gill came down for the Leap Year ball.

Miss Proctor of Brighton is the guest of Mrs. Smithett.

Miss Whiting of Detroit is visiting Miss Beatty.

Society people here are still talking about the recent wedding of Miss MacLaren and Mr. R. Gray. The bride looked, as brides generally do look, perfectly charming. The bridesmaids, who were Miss Douglas of Chatham, Miss Witherspoon of Detroit and Miss Wilson of Dundas, were equally so. NEMO.

WOODSTOCK.

Everything has been very quiet here lately, and is likely to remain so for some time, owing to the sad death of Miss Bella Nellis, of diphtheria. No one could be more lifeful than pretty, bright Miss Nellis, who was always a favorite with old and young. It is no wonder that a deep gloom has been cast over society, and that all balls and such festivities have been stopped for the present.

I hear that the comedy entitled A Scrap of Paper, is being rehearsed by several young people of the town, to be produced next month before an invited audience. In fact it is to be a very swell affair. The play itself is very good, though somewhat difficult for amateurs. Still, under Mr. R. Thos. Steele's valuable coaching, all difficulties will melt away, and I have no doubt I may anticipate a great treat on the evening of the performance, if so fortunate as to receive a bid.

All arrangements have been completed for the Mikado, and the opera company commenced regular work last week.

### The Battle of Sedan.

The grand battle painting of the Battle of Sedan, at York and Front streets, shows the action just previous to the surrender of the French, when, with his troops flying in all directions, the Emperor Napoleon realized that the star of the French Empire had set. The white flag was hoisted on the citadel, the cannonading having ceased suddenly about half-past four o'clock p. m. Eager as the people were to know the cause, they could not leave the houses, as the streets were impassable, and they had to be content with learning the mere facts of the surrender. As night came on the crowds diminished some, and by a little effort one could make some headway. The spectacle offered was more horrible than war. Dead was lying everywhere, civilians and soldiers mingled in the slaughter. In one suburb alone could be counted fifty peasants and bourgeoies, many women and children among them, dead. The ground was filled with splinters and fragments of shells which had performed their deadly mission. Starving soldiers cut up the dead horses to cook and eat, for provisions had given out and Sedan abandoned to wreck and ruin. An opera or field glass can distinguish these fearful scenes plainly.

### Trust.

In Ireland, sure, there is to-day
A rumpus, and a row, sirs:
Some Saxon thief has run away
With St. ave O'Brien's——
Was ever, sure, the like o' that
To stop us making speeches?
The Saxon fiend imprisons Pat,
And then he steals his ——

*—N. Y. Herald.*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In which character she has no living peer.

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Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

BATTLE OF SEDAN

HARRY WEBB'S

WEEKLY

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